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No. 1921.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

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THREEPENCE.
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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE WINTER SESSION will be OPENED on SATURDAY, October 1st, with an Introductory Address, at 8 p.m., by Professor CARTWRIGHT, F.R.C.S. The Lectures in the Winter Session will be given by Professors Partridge, Beale, Miller, Johnson, and Ferguson. In the Summer Session, by Professors Bentley, Garrod, Priestley, Guy, Bloxam, Rymer Jones, Cartwright, Beale, and Mr. John Wood.

By a regulation of the University of Edinburgh, three out of the four years of study required by that University for its Degree of M.D. may be passed at King's College.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.—Physicians: Drs. Johnson, Beale, Garrod, Guy, Priestley; Assistant-Physicians: Drs. Evans, Dunn, Harley, Playfair, and Day. Surgeons: Messrs. Ferguson and Partridge; Assistant-Surgeons: Messrs. John Wood, Henry Smith, Mason, and Watson.

A Lying-in Ward is attached to the Hospital. The Physician's Assistant, House-Surgeon, their Assistants, Clinical Clerks, and Dressers, are selected by Examination from among the Students without extra charge.

Six Scholarships are awarded, at the close of each Winter Session, for proficiency in professional study. For information apply, personally, or by letter marked outside "Prospectus," to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., Secretary.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. WARNEFORD SCHOLARSHIPS.

Students entering the Medical Department of this College in October next will have the exclusive privilege of contending for Five Scholarships of £50 each; two to be held for three years, and three for two years each. The Subjects of Examination are—Divinity—The First Book of Samuel, St. Mark in Greek, and the Church Catechism with Scripture Proofs. Classics—Homer, Iliad v.; Virgil, Æneid, Book vi. vi. English and History—Pilgrims Progress and the Reign of Charles II.

Mathematics—Arithmetic; Algebra, as far as and including Quadratic Equations; Euclid, Book I, Book II, except Props. 8, 9, 10, Book III.

The Modern Languages—French: Histoire des Protestants de France, par De Felice. German: Grass-Hofmann's Erzählung Karl von Oesterreich.

Any of these subjects may be omitted, except the Divinity. For particulars apply to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., Secretary.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, UPPER GOWER-STREET.

Under the Government of the Council of the College.
Head-Master—T. HEWITT KEY, M.A. F.R.S.
Vice-Master—WILLIAM A. CASE, M.A.

HENRY MALDEN, M.A., Professor of Greek, has the charge of the School.

THE SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, September 20th. To suit the convenience of Pupils residing at a distance from the School, and using the early trains of the London and North-Western, the Great Northern and Metropolitan lines of Railway, the hours of attendance will be in future from 8.30 (instead of, as heretofore, 9.15) to 5.45; of this time one hour is allowed for recreation.

For further particulars, see the General Prospectus, to be obtained at the Office of the College.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine will commence on MONDAY, the 1st of October; those of the Faculty of Arts on THURSDAY, the 13th of October.

August, 1864.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.— JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—CLASSES FOR BEGINNERS.

With the sanction of the Council the Head-Master has established a Junior Department for Pupils between the ages of Seven and Eight. The younger boys are kept wholly separate from the boys of the Upper School. They have the use of the playground attached to the School, but the hours of lessons and recreation are arranged as to differ from those of the older boys. Several of the Masters of the Upper School take part in the instruction of this department.—For further particulars, see the General Prospectus, to be obtained at the Office of the College.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine will commence on MONDAY, the 1st of October; those of the Faculty of Arts on THURSDAY, the 13th of October.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Future Arrangements.

24th August, Wednesday, and following days—Show of New and Rare Plants at South Kensington.

25th August, Friday—Prince Consort's Birthday: Admission free at South Kensington Gardens. Music all day.

26th August, Saturday—Flowers and Fruit Promenade at Chiswick, admission 1s. Band at 3.

27th August, Sunday—Promenade and Grape Show at Chiswick, admission 1s. Band at 3.

Promenades with Bands in August and September, every Monday, admission 6d.; and Saturday, 1s., at 4.

29th September, Wednesday—Flowers at South Kensington.

10th October, Wednesday, and following days—Fruit and Vegetable Shows at South Kensington.

11th November, Wednesday, and following days—Chrysanthemum Show at South Kensington.

12th December, Wednesday, and following days—International Fruit and Vegetable Show.

24th December, Monday, and following days—Perfumes from Flowers and the Processes of Distillation.

The Gardens are now open daily. Admission, Mondays, 6d. Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 1s.; Wednesdays, 2d. Sundays by Fellows' personal admission or orders.

On the days of the Band Competition, Volunteers in Uniform are admitted at half-price.

QUEEN'S COLLEGES, IRELAND.— THE PROFESSOR OF GREEK in the QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY, having been nominated to the Chair of Latin in the Queen's College, Belfast, CANDIDATES for the VACANT PROFESSORSHIP OF GREEK in Galway College, are requested to forward Testimonials to the Under-Secretary, Dublin Office, on or before the 20th of September next, in order that the same may be submitted to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

A candidate who may be selected for the vacant Chair will have to enter upon his duties immediately after his appointment. Dublin Castle, 10th August, 1864.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL. SESSION 1864 and '65.

A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. CLAPTON, the Dean, on SATURDAY, October 1, at 3 o'clock p.m., after which the Distribution of Prizes will take place.

To enter, or to obtain Prospectuses, the conditions of all the Prizes, and further information, apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, the Manor House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THE WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE, October 3, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Mr. CALLENDER, at 8 o'clock p.m.

LECTURES.

Medicine—Dr. Black and Dr. Kirkes.

Surgery—Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Coote.

Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Skey and Mr. Holden.

Physiology and General Anatomy—Mr. Savory.

Chemistry—Dr. Odling.

Demonstrators of Anatomy—Mr. Callender and Mr. Smith.

Demonstrator of Morbid Anatomy—Dr. Andrew.

SUMMER SESSION, commencing May 1, 1865.

Materia Medica—Dr. Farre.

Botany—Dr. Harris.

Forensic Medicine—Dr. Martin.

Midwifery—Dr. Greenhalgh.

Comparative Anatomy—Mr. Callender.

Practical Chemistry—Dr. Odling.

The Hospital contains 650 Beds; and Clinical Lectures are delivered—On the Medical Cases, by Dr. Farre, Dr. Black, and Dr. Kirkes—On the Surgical Cases, by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Paget, and Mr. Coote—on Diseases of Women, by Dr. Greenhalgh.

Collegiate Establishment—Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the Collegiate regulations. Some of the Teachers connected with the Hospital also receive Students to reside with them.

Seven Scholarships, varying in value from 20l. to 50l., are awarded annually. Further information respecting these and other details may be obtained from Dr. EDWARDS, Mr. CALLENDER, or any of the Medical or Surgical Officers or Lecturers; or at the Anatomical Museum or Library.

ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, MELROSE HALL, WEST HILL, PUTNEY HEATH.

Instituted 1854.

Treasurer—HENRY HUTH, Esq.

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.—A Merchant in the City who pays for this Advertisement has promised to contribute the sum of One Hundred Guineas to the Fund for the Enlargement of Melrose Hall, provided nine other persons will subscribe the same amount within the present year.

The Board earnestly commend this generous offer to the Wealthy and Benevolent.

The New Wing of Melrose Hall, when completed, will increase the capacity of the Hospital to 300 Beds.

There are already 15 inmates. The Charity is a National Institution, receiving Patients from all parts of the United Kingdom. It claims, therefore, the support of the Wealthy throughout the Country.

The Cases are hopelessly Incurable. The benefit is life-long. Many are seeking it who cannot yet be received. In their behalf, the Board bespeak the sympathy and support of those whom Providence has raised beyond the reach of miseries such as theirs.

Names will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Henry Huth, Esq., 10, Moorgate-street: or by the Office of the

FREDERIC ANDREW, Secretary.

Office, 10, Poultry.

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This Club, which, at the suggestion of a large number of Members, it has been resolved to designate "THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CLUB," will be erected on the scale of the Carlton and Reform Clubs in the immediate vicinity of Pall Mall. Several new features, conducive to the comfort and accommodation of the Members, will be introduced, including a strangers' room and an extensive suite of sleeping apartments.

The temporary Club-House in Albemarle-street will be opened about the 29th inst.

Forms of Application for Membership may be obtained of the Secretary, at the Temporary Club-House, 43 and 44, Albemarle-street, W., or at the Union Bank, 4, Pall Mall East.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 30, Kensington-square, W.—Head-Master, FREDERIC NASH, Esq., late Principal Netherleigh High School; assisted by E. V. Williams, Esq., R.A., Oxon; W. Hughes, Esq., F.R.G.S., Professor of Geog., King's College, London; Mons. E. Sapolin, M.A., Paris; and others.—For Tuition—in the Classical Division, 4 guineas per term; in the English Division, 3 guineas; in the Preparatory, 2 guineas.—Prospectuses on application.

HULL SCHOOL OF ART in connexion with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington.

WANTED, early in October next, for the above, a CERTIFIED ART-MASTER of energy and ability.—Address Geo. H. LOVELL, Hon. Secretary.

BELFAST ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.— WANTED, by the above Society, a GENTLEMAN competent to ACT as JUDGE and EXORDIATOR.—For particulars as to Salary, &c. apply to WILLIAM CARSON, Honorary Secretary, Victoria-buildings, Belfast.

TOURISTS derive additional pleasure in their ramble when acquainted with MINERALS, ROCKS and FOSSILS.—Mr. TENNANT, Geologist, 149, Strand, London, gives Practical Instruction to Ladies and Gentlemen, and from his extensive Collections, comprising many thousand specimens, persons are enabled in a dozen or twenty private lessons to identify the ordinary components of Rocks, and most of the Minerals and Metals used in the Arts. Mr. Tennant can also supply Elementary Geological Collections at 2s, 5s, 10s, 20s to 100 Guineas each.

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TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS or PROJECTORS.—J. K. SHARPE, late Publisher and Manager of the London Region, Public Opinion, and subsequently of the Reform, is desirous of obtaining an ENGAGEMENT in the above or a similar capacity.—Address, 23, Tavistock-street, Strand, W.C.

A GRADUATE of the London University, who holds a scientific appointment in London, and is a successful Teacher, gives EVENING LESSONS in CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, and MATHEMATICS.—Address A. D., care of Mr. Kelly, 2, Vigo-street, W.

WEST CENTRAL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, at No. 40, SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

Mrs. GOW (late Miss Worth), Lady Superintendent. The above School will RE-OPEN on the 14th of September.

EMILY TAYLOR, Hon. Sec.

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EDUCATION.—In a Select and Old-Established School there are a few VACANCIES. The ensuing Term will RE-COMMENCE on Sept. 8. The Course of Instruction combines a Solid and Useful Education, carried on under the immediate superintendence of the Principals. French and German are taught by Resident Governesses, and Professors of high repute attend for the Accomplishments.—For Prospectuses, address Mrs. and Miss CASELL, The Cedars, Clapham.

BEDFORD COLLEGE (FOR LADIES), 47 and 48, BEDFORD-SQUARE.

The CLASSES will begin for the Session 1864-5, on THURSDAY, October 13th.

The SCHOOL for JUNIOR PUPILS above Eight Years of Age will RE-OPEN on THURSDAY, September 20th.

A few Pupils received as BOARDERS.

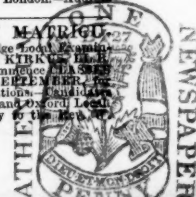
Prospectuses may be had at the College.

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LONDON UNIVERSITY.—CIVIL SERVICE and other EXAMINATIONS.—A GENTLEMAN, connected with one of the London Schools of Chemistry, having during the past Term successfully conducted an Evening Class for Candidates for the above Examinations, would be glad to enter into arrangements for establishing a CLASS for the coming Session, in connexion with a College or School in or near London.—Address A. P. S., 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRICULATION, January, 1865; and Cambridge Local Examinations, December, 1864. The Rev. WILLIAM KIRKES, M.A., and the Rev. E. MAY DAVIS, B.A., will commence CLASSES at their Rooms at the West-End, early in SEPTEMBER, for preparing Candidates for the above Examinations. The course thoroughly prepared for the Civil Service and beyond. VACANCY for TWO BOARDERS.—Apply to the Rev. W. KIRKES, Hackney, N.E.



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During the Session, 1864-5, which will COMMENCE on the 1st of OCTOBER, the following COURSES OF LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry.—By W. Hofmann, LL.D. F.R.S., &c.
2. Metallurgy.—By John Percy, M.A. F.R.S.
3. Natural History.—By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy.—By Warington W. Smyth, M.A. F.R.S.
5. Mining.—By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
6. Geology.—By Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics.—By Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S.
8. Physics.—By T. Tyndall, F.R.S.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Rev. J. Haythorne Esq., M.A.

The Fee for Students desirous of becoming Associates is 30*l.* in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 20*l.*, exclusive of the Laboratory.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy.

Tickets to separate Course of Lectures are issued at 3*l.* and 4*l.* each.

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Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil-Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted Two Scholarships, and several others have also been established.

For a Prospectus and information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, London, W.

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LITERATURE

An Inquiry into the Character and Origin of the Possessive Augment in English and its Cognate Dialects. By James Manning, Q.A.S. (Trübner & Co.)

Serjeant Manning, now, as he tells us, in his eighty-third year, has left the law and leads a literary life, of which our columns have shown various evidences. The book before us—for a book it is, though only of ninety pages—is an excellent specimen of the arrangement and reference-power of the lawyer, mixed with the more especial qualities of the scholar. It puts together every kind of learning, from every kind of source; and will be very acceptable to those who go deeply into our language. That we should follow the author through all his details would be out of the question; and the more so as he is a puller down and not a setter up. There is not a single touch of old age about him except caution: his object is “to show the unsatisfactory nature of the arguments by which popular opinions are supported.” What his own opinion may be we are unable to gather.

The possessive augment is the *s* at the end of a word, usually preceded by an apostrophe. This apostrophe, however, is only a modern fancy: a printer's notion of distinction. It must be left out of sight: and the time will come when all stops and marks will be held to mean nothing. There is a little instance of the growth of the dotting propensity in the work before us, which the author has allowed to pass. The *Brut* of Layamon, the translation or paraphrase of the *Roman de Brut*, is of course cited. The printer, seeing a very short word, has treated it as a contraction, and always puts the full stop after it, even when another stop is to follow (*Brut.*).

Nineteen is the golden number: nineteen is the number of cases requiring separate discussion of the use of the augment *s*. Here follows an example of each, remembering that masculine, feminine, and common nouns are different things in considering *s* as the abbreviation of his—

“1. William's book. 2. Mary's pencil. 3. eagle's wing. 4. The book is William's. 5. The pencil is Mary's. 6. The skin is a calf's. 7. Oxen's labour. 8. Smith the bookseller's shop. 9. Sin's poison. 10. Horses and oxen's hoofs. 11. The King of Spain's sister. 12. He is not the king of France or the king of Spain's subject. 13. His and no one else's. 14. one's children. 15. sailors' wages. 16. Sheep and horses' hoofs. 17. In consequence of the prisoner's being absent. 18. Upon Cæsar's passing the Rubicon. 19. I mentioned the high tide at Deptford's being the cause.”

The modes of explaining the augment are five. First the old pronominal theory, which makes the *s* in all cases to be the abbreviation of his; as *man's*=*man his*. Secondly, Wallis's theory of the substantive being converted by 's, even when the noun is of several words, into a possessive adjective. Thirdly, the assertion of a real genitive case by Ben Jonson, supported by Sam Johnson. Fourthly, the theory of a possessive case, as distinguished from the genitive, not very easily seized. Fifthly, the theory of a double genitive case, which seems hardly worth the seizing.

All these theories, especially the first three, are discussed, and fitted with difficulties, or faulted, to borrow a technical term. For ourselves, we incline to the theory of the genitive case, on the supposition that the English, when they had lost the Saxon, made a wider use of the genitive *es* than pure Saxon would have allowed.

The vulgar ear loves emphasis, and soon learns to reiterate, when repetition will give force. The doubled plural is a favourite in some parts of England, and *beastesses* is a common plural of *beast*. The case in Marryat's novel of the Blue Postesses, where the midshipmen leave their chestesses, call for tea and toastesses, and then forget to pay for their breakfastesses, is overwrought, but not quite incredible. Something of this sort may have produced such a phrase as “a horse of Jackson's,” where the *s* seems superfluous.

To all such discussions no one can object, so long as it is understood that ancient learning is not to dictate to our English tongue. We stand up for king Custom, or *Usus*, as Horace called him, with whom is *arbitrium* the decision, and *jus* the right, and *norma* the way of deciding, simply because he has *potestas* the power. He may admit one and another principle to advise: but Custom is not a constitutional king; he may listen to his cabinet, but he decides for himself; and if the ministry should resign, he blesses his stars and does without them. We have a glorious liberty in England of owning neither dictionary, grammar, nor spelling-book: as many as choose write by either of the three, and decide all disputed points their own way, those following them who please.

The principal advisers of King Custom are as follows. First, there is Etymology, the *chiffonnier*, or general rag-merchant, who has made such a fortune of late years in his own business that he begins to be considered highly respectable. He gives advice which is more thought of than followed, partly on account of the fearful extremes into which he runs. He lately asked some boys of sixteen, at a matriculation examination in *English*, to what branch of the Indo-Germanic family they felt inclined to refer the Pushto language, and what changes in the force of the letters took place in passing from Greek into Mæso-Gothic. Because all syllables were once words, he is a little inclined to insist that they shall be so still. He would gladly rule English with a Saxon rod, which might be permitted with a certain discretion which he has never attained: and when opposed he defends himself with the analogies of the Aryan family until those who hear him long for the discovery of an Athanasys. He will transport a word beyond seas—he is recorder of Rhematopolis—on circumstantial evidence which looks like mystery gone mad; but, strange to say, something very often comes to light after sentence passed which proves the soundness of the conviction.

The next adviser is Logic, a swearing old justice of peace, quorum, and rotulorum, whose excesses brought on such a fit of the gout that for many years he was unable to move. He is now mending, and his friends say he has sown his wild oats. He has some influence with the educated subjects of Custom, and will have more, if he can learn the line at which interference ought to stop: with them he has succeeded in making an affirmative of two negatives; but the vulgar won't never have nothing to say to him. He has always railed at Milton for writing that Eve was the fairest of her daughters; but has never satisfactorily shown what Milton ought to have said instead.

The third adviser has more influence with the mass of the subjects of King Custom than the other two put together: his name is Fiddle-faddle, the toy-shop keeper; and the other two put him forward to do their worst work. In return he often uses their names without authority. He took Etymology to witness that *means* to an end must be plural: and he would have any one method to be a *mean*. But Ety-

mology proved him wrong, Custom referred him to his catechism, in which is “a means whereby we receive the same,” and Analogy—a subordinate of Etymology—asked whether he thought it a great *new* to hear that he was wrong. It was either this Fiddle-faddle, or Lindley Murray his traveller, who persuaded the Miss Slipslops, of the Ladies' Seminary, to put “The Misses Slipslop” over the gate. Sixty years ago, this bagman called at all the girls' schools, and got many of the teachers to insist on their pupils saying “Is it not” and “Can I not” for “Isn't it” and “Can't I”: of which it came that the poor girls were dreadfully laughed at by their irreverent brothers when they went home for the holidays. Had this bad adviser not been severely checked, he might by this time have proposed our saying “The Queen's of England son,” declaring, in the name of Logic, that the Prince was the Queen's son, not England's.

Lastly, there is Typography the metallurgist, an executive officer who is always at work in secret, and whose lawless mode of advising is often done by carrying his notions into effect without leave given. He it is who never ceases suggesting that the same word is not to occur in a second place within sight of the first. When the authorized version was first printed, he began this trick at the passage, “Let there be light, and there was light”; he drew a line on the proof under the second *light*, and wrote “*luminosity*!” opposite. He is strongest in the punctuations and other signs; he has a pepper-box full of commas always by his side. He puts everything under marks of quotation which he has ever heard before. An earnest preacher, in a very moving sermon, used the phrase *Alas!* and *alack a day!* Typography stuck up the inverted commas because he had read the old Anglo-Indian toast, “A lass and a lac a day.” If any one should have the sense to leave out of his Greek the unmeaning scratches which they call accents, he goes to a lexicon and puts them in. He is powerful in routine; but when two routines interlace or overlap, he frequently takes the wrong one.

Subject to bad advice, and sometimes misled for a season, King Custom goes on his quiet way, and is sure to be right at last.

Treason does never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

Language is in constant fermentation, and all that is thrown in, so far as it is not fit to assimilate, is thrown off; and this without any obvious struggle. Three decisive examples may be cited. First, our English tongue, an olio of many kinds of matter, now possessed of a varied power which many high foreign authorities declare to be unequalled, and which still shows undiminished ability of extension and intension both. This multiplicity of elements has been much sneered at; and it has been said that a large part of the nation does not understand its own language: but the truth is, that there is a copious vernacular which all are thoroughly up to, with large additions in which nothing is wanted for correct understanding of the phrases except capacity for the ideas which they express. But when words get much into use which belong to ill understood prototypes, the public is apt to show symptoms of indigestion. In 1803, a few numbers were published of the *Gentleman's Monthly Miscellany*, one of the editors of which was the late William Friend. He gave a fable on the origin of the English language. The poor English, who could do nothing but hiss, petitioned the Devil for a vocabulary. The infernal potentate picked up a variety of folios in all languages, together with swathings of mummies, &c., and boiled

them in a caldron, collecting large quantities of the froth, which he sent to the petitioners, who thus got what they wanted. They did not quite get rid of the hissing: and when their benefactor, once in seven years, or thereabouts, pays them a visit, they still entertain him with the old sounds at borough and county elections. But just as the boiling process was nearly finished, the devil was lucky enough to pick up a large quantity of books and papers cheap, the Council of Nice having just broken up. These were thrown in, but the hard Greek words had not time to boil. The consequence is that when a preacher gets hold of them he might as well be talking Arabic. "The language would have been an excellent language, if it had not been for the Council of Nice, and the words had been well boiled."

The second and third instances are the symbolic languages of *music* and of *algebra*. The difficulties of a purely symbolic system are pretty much the same as those of a spoken language. These two systems are known from their births: history has all their lives within its compass. And those who have attended to this history have watched the fermentation of which we speak. These two languages are as nearly perfect as any human institutions: they answer their ends so completely that nobody praises them; the exception which should prove the rule is wanting.

A word, or a phrase, or an adaptation, is invented within a certain circle, and for a certain purpose: so long as it remains within that circle it may properly be called *technical*. When the general public gets holds of it, and begins to fashion and apply it in the mode convenient to itself, those who follow what has become the vernacular are told that they are wrong, because the real meaning of the word is so and so. But they are not wrong at all: they follow that custom which always has dictated, and will never cease to dictate; history and common sense are both in their favour. To oppose the vernacular on grounds of original formation and meaning is indicative of pedantry without scholarship; for scholarship preserves even pedantry from this blunder. The opposition is justifiable so long as the matter is only in progress: we may, for example, strive against that detestable formation *reliable* (in the sense of *trustworthy*), until it is fairly established; but when the use is undeniably settled,—as in the case of *starvation*, the vilest compound in our language,—there is nothing for it but submission.

Pronunciation is a matter in which this distinction is always arising. The foreign word, or the word of a district, or class of people, passes into the general vernacular; but it is long before the specially learned will acknowledge the right of those with whom they come in contact to follow general usage. The rule is simple: so long as a word is technical or local, those who know its technical or local pronunciation may reasonably employ it. But when the word has become general, the specialist is not very wise if he refuse to follow the mass, and perfectly foolish if he insist on others following him. There have been a few who demanded that Euler should be pronounced in the German fashion: Euler has long been the property of the world at large; what does it matter how his own countrymen pronounce the letters? Shall we insist on the French pronouncing *Newton* without that final *tong* which they never fail to give him? They would be wise enough to laugh at us if we did. We remember that a pedant who was insisting on all the pronunciations being retained, was met by a maxim in contradiction, invented at the moment, and fathered upon Kaen-foo-tee, an

authority which he was challenged to dispute. Whom did you speak of? said the bewildered man of accuracy. Learn your own system, was the answer, before you impose it on others; Confucius says that too.

The old English has *fote, fode, loke, coke, roke*, &c., for *foot*, &c. And above rhymes in Chaucer to *remove*. Suspecting that the broader sounds are the older, we may surmise that *remove* and *food* have retained their old sounds, and that *cook*, once *coke*, would have rhymed to our *Luke*, the vowel being brought a little nearer, perhaps, the *o* in our present *coke*, the fuel, probably so called as used by cooks. If this be so, the Chief Justice *Cook* of our lawyers, and the *Coke* (pronounced like the fuel) of the greater part of the world, are equally wrong. The lawyer has no right whatever to fasten his pronunciation upon us: even leaving aside the general custom, he cannot prove himself right, and is probably wrong. Those who know the village of Rokeby (now pronounced Rookby) despise the world for not knowing how to name Walter Scott's poem: that same world never asked a question about the matter, and the parody of *Jokeby*, which soon appeared, was a sufficient indication of their notion. Those who would fasten the hodiernal sound upon us may be reminded that the question is, not what they call it now, but what it was called in Cromwell's time. Throw away general usage as a lawgiver, and this is the point which emerges. Probably *Rake*-by would be right, with a little turning of the Italian *u* towards *o* of modern English.

On such grounds as may be collected from what precedes, we are ready to read and approve of all manner of speculations about English. But it is under protest that we are not to yield anything which custom will justify. We especially like such arguments as those of Serjeant Manning, who is neither judge nor counsel, but only *amicus curiæ*; perhaps it would be more correct to say, though the word is not universally known, that he *devils* for the counsel on both sides. So far from wishing to snap judgment, he thinks it probable that the twentieth century will be well advanced before the case is decided. In the meanwhile every one who has read good authors, from Shakspeare downward, knows what is and what is not English; and knows, also, that our language is not one and indivisible. Two very different turns of phrase may both be equally good, and as good as can be: we may be relieved of the consequences of contempt of one court by *habeas corpus* issuing out of another.

We will end with a quotation which is to our purpose as to its point, though on a widely different subject. Cardinal Baronius, who is acknowledged as an honest, learned, and sensible man, with no greater fault than that, being a Papist writing Papal history, he had a somewhat Popish tendency, had a narrow miss of being Pope in 1603, and died in 1607. Had he gained the tiara, and lived until 1616, the Church of Rome might very possibly have been saved from the ludicrous disgrace which befell it when its officials meddled with astronomy out of the Bible. The Cardinal's sagacity saw what wind would blow before many years were over, and he said—*Spiritui sancto mentem fuisse nos docere quomodo ad cælum eatur, non autem quomodo cælum gradiatur*: that is, God's Spirit meant to teach us how to go to heaven, not how heaven is to go. This illegitimate conversion is a trick of humanity: in our present subject there are many who would have custom forged by rule, whereas it has been, is, and shall be, that rule is forged by custom.

The Cairngorm Mountains. By John Hill Burton. (Blackwood & Sons.)

SOME of the sentences in these pages seemed familiar to us as soon as we read them, and a foot-note informs us that this little book is chiefly a reconstruction of an article which appeared in a magazine as long ago as 1847, and which, if we remember rightly, was entitled 'Ben Muich Dhui.' Purposing about that time to ascend this mountain, we read the article with an interest which is not revived by its reappearance. The style is lively and graphic, and the verbiage stately enough, but the matter is thin and beaten out. The title, too, is misleading, since it would indicate some kind of guidance in detail to the Cairngorm range of mountains, with routes, distances, plans and inns. Instead of these we have an airy, easy, anecdotic little volume, good as a mere magazine article, but wanting in the kind of information a mountaineer would desire,—in short, a book which may be read through in one hour and forgotten the next.

That the author has not written a guide-book is hardly, indeed, to be objected against him when we read his warmly expressed abhorrence of such publications, and especially of the class of people known as *guides*. Such abhorrence is the most noticeable feature of the book, and worth our attention in this height of the tourist season. "It was the suffering of spirit," says he, "endured through some three days of the detested bondage of guidehood, that made me vow that some day, when I had leisure for the task, I would lift my testimony against the extension, beyond where it is absolutely unavoidable, of a system of voluntary slavery that has rooted itself among the hapless class of persons denominated tourists. It is not alone in submission to the iron rule of the professional guide that this degrading phenomena is developed. It exists in the mapping out in guide-books and otherwise of certain routes which the tourist is to take, certain things which he is to see, and certain occurrences, generally arrant falsehoods, in which he is to believe. Having protested against a similar usurpation of authority as to the books which the collector should acquire and read, and the method in which he should read them, I offer these fugitive pages as an inducement to the rambler to shake himself free of guidance, by endeavouring to describe to him a specimen of the kind of scenes he may alight on if he 'take his feet in his hands,' as an old saying goes, and independently step out of the range of established tours." Again he adds:—"It is a pity to have to say that the descendants of those Helvetic patriots who achieved the freedom of their country are among the most persevering and subtle members of the conspiracy for riveting upon free-born Britons the chains of the social tyranny I have been referring to. You are in a land where every human being lives by showing the stranger about; it is the territory of a vast corporation of showmen who are determined to transact business with every one who enters it. If you ask that peasant who professes to be engrossed in his hay, whether the right or the left hand path leads to Interlachen, you find that you have engaged a sort of valet for some unknown period. Nay, with no such excuse, a stout native will select you for his victim. I remember on one occasion when a native fixed himself, like the old man of the sea, on a small party I was one of; we came to a consultation, and passed a resolution to beat him. We communicated it to him pretty emphatically. He took a surly thought on the matter, probably balancing present pains against future redress, and walked off."

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That every tourist in well-beaten paths is beset by a pestiferous tribe, both small and big, old and young, ragged and rough, brazened and bedizened, is matter of familiar complaint. Like Mr. Babbage's organ-grinders, they distract the thoughtful, and bring wicked words even to the lips of clerical pedestrians. Unhappily there is and will be no Act of Parliament to disperse them. They are found wherever tourists most do congregate. All over Great Britain and Ireland they prevail most perseveringly wherever lakes or mountains, or dribbles misnamed "cascades," or gullies misnamed "glens" are situated. In the tiny "chines" of our miniature Isle of Wight; in the respectable passes of North Wales; in the picturesque haunts of the English, Irish, and Scottish lakes they are as multitudinous as summer flies, and as difficult to flap away. No one who has visited these districts can forget the swarming guides;—one fires a cannon close to your ears to startle an echo, failing which he certainly startles you; another squeaks out a lying legend; a third screeches out a would-be-merry song; a fourth produces a broken horn, and would charge you for its maddening blasts. No doubt the whole thing is a plaguey institution whenever you spend your summer months in picturesque and mountainous countries, whether you climb Snowdon and then descend to be bored by a Welsh harper, or McGillicuddy's Reeks or Mangerton, near Killarney, and submit, at the Eagle's Nest, to be fooled by an asthmatic bugler; or mount the Rigi in Switzerland, and wake at dawn to the painful summons of a melancholy alpine horn; or pedestrianize in the Bernese Oberland, and run the gauntlet of a dozen dirty peasants at every famous scene; or find yourself taxed at every turn in view of a waterfall, shut out from the front view by a wooden barrier, and from the side view by a rustic gate, the demand for passing which is one franc, and always rigorously enforced. No doubt, we say, the whole thing is vexatious enough, and seriously detracts from the pleasure of travelling in celebrated places. So, however, are fleas, flies, dirt, noise, and a hundred other things (including the herd of Britons) which everybody can call to mind; above all, in Switzerland and Savoy, the fearfully sonorous church bells, which are worse than all the guides. The latter plague you suffer from only in the daytime, the bells awake you from sleep, and render it impossible. The remorseless bells at Chamouni, Leuk, St. Luc, and a score of other places in the Alps still ring in our ears. Indeed, they are the prime plague of all nocturnal alpine plagues *outside* the bedroom,—at least to those unhappy tourists who have nerves as well as ears to hear, and who cannot "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

Nevertheless, in any denunciation of guides, neither Mr. Burton nor any other annoyed pedestrian should fail to acknowledge, both distinctly and gratefully, the experienced and superior class of that fraternity who frequent the High Alps. Of course, such helps are unknown in Britain, where they are totally unnecessary; nor even in ascending Mr. Burton's favourite Ben Muich Dhui (which should be stated to be the second highest mountain in Scotland, and a few feet lower than Ben Nevis, though formerly reputed to be a few feet higher) can we conceive of any guide as being indispensable to a practised mountaineer, or one well acquainted with the locality. But the High Alps are dangerous and most deceitful ground, and the small company of hardy and handy men who have been gradually trained into first-class guides really deserve to be excepted from

the condemnation. Apparently Mr. Burton knows little of them, but the Alpine Club men know them all, and descant critically on their respective merits. In truth, without the help of these guides, the said gentlemen would seldom have achieved the grand successes for which many of them are distinguished. A kind of friendship, too, naturally springs up between men who associate in perilous enterprises, even though one party has only gain in view, and the other only glory. Hence such first-rate guides as the late lamented Bennen, of Laax, have enlisted the kindly sympathies of Prof. Tyndall and other philosophical mountaineers; nor is it beyond what Prof. Tyndall himself might acknowledge, to say that the philosopher would never have surmounted the Weisshorn without Bennen. Notable men, physically at least, are several of these best alpine guidesmen, who, albeit they are peasants or chamois-hunters, can display some of the highest qualities of courage and endurance, and so far excite genuine admiration.

It is specially with reference to mountain and alpine guides that Mr. Burton proceeds to observe: "In him one has not employed a servant, but has put himself at the disposal of a master, who bids him to do this, and he doeth it; go there, and he goeth. Your thoughts even are not your own, for he will speak to you, and if he do not excite in you a sympathetic response to his separate thought he will at all events drag you away from your own by rousing your indignation." Our indignation is rather roused by such a libel on the class of guides to whom we have adverted. Most of them are the very reverse of this description, whatever other faults they have, and they have many. What follows in Mr. Burton's pages on this matter is mere caricature, and is only worth notice for the sake of giving it an appropriate name. It is true that the *first-class* alpine guides are but few in number, but they will doubtless increase from year to year, if mountaineering should not decline in favour. About thirty to forty is the present number of the best-known alpine guides, and these men have characters to sustain, and a fair fame to build up, which stands to them in place of money. To be in the good books of mountaineers is continually their aim and hope, and when men like Prof. Tyndall take all opportunities of commending guides like Bennen, the employed are sure to be benefited by the laudation, and to keep their names untarnished in order to merit it.

As we are now writing in the height of the alpine season, when guides are in full practice and pay, we may as well glance at their services to the fair sex when they are on alpine honours intent. It is remarkable what *ladies* can and do accomplish with the help of these men. Last summer one lady in particular was astonishing the Swiss tourists by the flying rumours of her achievements. When we heard weekly, and sometimes twice or thrice weekly, of these, we could not at first understand how the ascents, which we and other men had found so arduous, had been performed by a female. The mystery was solved by the discovery that the very best guides had been engaged by the lady's husband, and that they had devotedly assisted his wife from height to height, so that by dint of slow and sure progress those wonders had been really achieved which became the theme of many a *table-d'hôte* and many a morning stroll. What would this lady say to Mr. Burton's wholesale depreciation of mountain guides?

The same train of thought leads the author on to a denunciation of guide-books, well founded when he wrote in 1847, but nearly inapplicable in 1864. Better guide-books for the Alps than those of Messrs. Ball, Baedeker,

Berlepsch and Murray are not to be expected. Mr. Burton is, however, in better tune when he intimates that men of high intellect are frequently free rovers over nature's wild scenes. "I am not going," says he, "to enumerate the great thinkers who have been great wanderers, but I take occasion in passing to drop a word about what my own experience among men has furnished. I have often heard Prof. Wilson revel with a kind of wild delight on his roving days. I have known reminiscences of such free life called up also in quarters where one would not so naturally expect it. Jeffrey, for instance, in his old age used to sigh after those wild joys, and even speak of attempting to repeat them in his decrepitude." Everyone who has mingled with gifted wanderers knows how deeply they delight in their roving reminiscences, and unquestionably the best treasury for old age is the mental gallery of grand scenes which memory re-opens and re-touches when the foot can no longer plant itself on rock or glacier, and when the feeble hands can no longer grasp an alpenstock or guide a camel.

River Angling for Salmon and Trout. By John Younger. With a Memoir, and List of the Tweed Salmon Casts. (Kelso, Rutherford; London, Blackwood & Sons.)

Seventy-nine years ago there was born, up at Langnewton, of poor parents, this John Younger, who was not merely a local celebrity, but who became well known and esteemed beyond the Scottish borders, whence good report of him was carried by tourists who had repaired northward to discuss politics and literature with the enlightened cobbler, and to learn from him his mystery of trout and salmon catching. Poverty made a fisherman of a half-starved lad, who saw food in the glittering streams, and whose acute observation and stomach suggested to him how he could best obtain it. Those were dreadful days, when such a lad was a bread-winner not only for himself but his family. That poor family could not exist altogether upon fish; they wanted a halfpenny-worth or so of bread to their trout, and it was only a sharp boy who could get it for them, when meal was seven shillings a stone.

Accident brought to him the knowledge that there was such a man as Burns in existence, and Younger went short of a day's diet that he might spare sixpence wherewith to purchase a copy of some of the peasant's songs at a fair. To sing or to read them, was the solace of labour,—the charm of his leisure,—a resource through which to forget time and appetite when labour was not to be had. John, however, had courage enough to marry; and he fought his hard battle of life well. His vocation and his amusement alike encouraged thought; and to his reflections on the social and political condition of man, John could give such forcible and dignified expression that his fame soon spread beyond his native county borders. That he was supremely original in some of his conclusions, and bold in publication of them, may be seen in his sentiments on Scott,—for whose writings he, a Scotsman to the very tips of his nails, "did not care at all." He looked on the Waverley literature as "old piper stories," "dwarf and witch tales," and "monstrous caricatures of Scottish manners." John lived in Scott's neighbourhood, and did not honour the prophet who abided in his own country.

There were some conclusions at which he had arrived against which he was, nevertheless, sometimes ready enough to act. When the old Bonaparte invasion menaced the country, John was among the first who volunteered to arm in defence of our common native land,

although he held war to be the most abject calling which men could be summoned to exercise. He saw the calling sanctified indeed, when its duties were performed in defence against aggression; but soldiers generally were to him as liveried retainers bound to commit stupendous burglary and murder, when their selfish masters imposed such degrading work on them; which ruffians' work was only rendered tolerable by giving it a false name and calling it "glory."

The political opinions of the renowned angling shoemaker were, in some cases, of the extremest quality, and his aristocratic visitors and he debated the matter after their respective fashions. John Younger and Lord John Russell seem to have agreed politically very well. The shoemaker visited the Lord at Minto House, and there the two had "a conversation such as produced a lively impression of pleasure upon both parties." Younger's poetical feeling was as delicate as his political principles were determined. These extracts from a poem which he published, called 'Thoughts as they Rise,' will show at once his tendency of thought and his grace of execution:—

And so I envy none their lands and dower,
Nor all that they can claim below the skies,
Yet can't resist the wish I had the power,
To wipe the tear from modest mourning eyes.
How blest to deck the lowly humble bower
With winter fire, and summer sunshine joys,
Change many a sigh of want into a song,
And cause the stream of life flow clear along.

O, how I love the moorland scene of spring
Beneath the smile of morning's ruddy glow,
The whirl of heath-cock, and the curving swing
Of snipe high booming o'er the marshy flow—
The fond solicitude of flapping wing,
To lead the wanderer from the nest below;
I love the *stuff* of every out-field feather—
By wood or stream, or 'mid the purple heather.

The great event in the life of the philosophic shoemaker, poet, and fisherman of St. Boswell's was his gaining the second prize of those offered in 1847 for the best essays on the "Temporal Advantages of the Sabbath to the Labouring Classes." His successful paper was entitled 'The Light of the Week.' All Tweedside rejoiced to hear that he had not only gained the laurels, or what was as good, fifteen sovereigns, but had gone up to London to receive the guerdon at the hands of the Earl of Shaftesbury. When he returned, all Tweedside was still gladder; and gentle and simple gave to the rustic philosopher whom London had acknowledged a complimentary banquet, on his return, and a purse full of money which more than defrayed his expenses. This success led to promotion. Its nature and what came of it are thus told:—

"Shortly after the event, a vacancy having occurred in the village post-office, the appointment was, on the recommendation of the Hon. J. E. Elliot, at that time member for the county, conferred upon John, in the belief that his advancing years would find an easier living than in toiling at his old trade. The result, however, proved different from what was expected. The rigid exactitude of rule, the perplexing net-work of forms and business routine, were more than one accustomed to the simple machinery of making shoes could overtake; and when the life was nearly vexed out of him, in January, 1856, John threw up the appointment in disgust. To the present writer and a friend, who called shortly after, he said he felt himself, when postmaster, like a caged squirrel running over its never-ending wheel; but that when he was free he felt himself just like the squirrel on the top of a tree, 'ready to jump wherever he liked.'"

At his old trade and at the angling,—which latter, in connexion with his sale of angling appurtenances and his advice and company lent to less practised or less successful brothers of the rod, was perhaps the more lucrative of the two,—Younger worked cheerfully on till the centenary of Burns came round. In that celebration he took a prominent part in his

home locality, and subsequently beyond it, when his ideas of the national poet became known. He did not follow in the common track:—

"And common consent, though candid enough to admit that some of his conclusions might be open to objection, confessed that John Younger was in a large degree successful in what he had undertaken. His critical estimate of Burns had a rough matter-of-fact quality about it. He did not sail in the clouds in flights of eloquence, or discourse in grand allegorical tropes like Carlyle. With a pooh-pooh, and a humph of contempt, he ridiculed the so-called romance, 'The glory and the joy,' with which imaginative writers had surrounded the bard's existence. Very much romance indeed, he thought, there was about the greatest man in a nation lying in a stable-loft, and spending his pain-racked midnights amid the perfumes of such an abode, listening to the nags below stirring, stamping, or riving at the *fusionless* bog hay! He considered that Burns was too much the companion of every-day suffering to sustain any such picture as Wordsworth had drawn, and thought that he drove his plough to another tune, that of dour, determined, conquering toil, tugging at his awkward nags amid the birns and bumping boulders of a farm which never could yield meat or clothes or household peace to the poor tenant. He thought if ever Burns played a servile part it was in dedicating his poems to the Caledonian Hunt. What did such a pack care about poems! They were a by-word in Scotland at the very time, for a story had gone abroad that they had hunted a bitch fox over several miles of country, and at the death found the poor animal had carried one of its pups all the way in its mouth. It was a treat to see the unaffected *bonhomie* of the 'old man eloquent,' elevated on the lecture-bench, to talk of Burns. He had the key of a sympathetic fellow-feeling to all the phases of Burns's life. No one who listened, but admitted that a shrewder, more instinctive apprehension of that life had seldom been produced. When he came to offer selections of the favourite poems, his warm loving admiration of the verses knew no bounds. 'Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,' he designated the tenderest and most beautiful love song which ever came from the lips of man; and as his voice repeated several of the stanzas, the tributary tears of emotion coursed down his cheeks. The lecture was delivered in most of the towns and villages in the Border district, and the proceeds were sufficiently respectable to promise, by his extending his tour, what would be a nest-egg for the wants of his advancing years. A number of his Border friends resident in Glasgow invited him to the western metropolis to deliver the lecture there. He was able to accomplish the visit, but with unfavourable results to himself. Exposure to extremely severe weather during his movements brought on an attack of rheumatism, which prostrated and confined him to his lodgings for several weeks. The attendant expense of this misfortune melted away most of his gains, and he reached Lessudden as poor as ever."

With much acuteness of judgment, Younger lacked the practical art of raising himself much above the condition in which he was born, and recently died. We gather this from the pleasant biographical paper, which precedes his excellent directions for river-angling. These directions are intermixed with anecdotes and other illustrative matter, some of which is supplied by an anonymous and judicious editor. Here is a hint to persons who are too tenderly inclined to go a-fishing:—

"On the falling in of a flood the trout soon perceives, and sets out on his foray, first on the easy eddies, and sucks in the small flies in thousands, filling his stomach on dainties to repletion. Cut up a trout of a pound weight in such a time, and see in his throat and stomach ten thousand blae midge flies going into a mash amongst six or eight pars and minnows, and find that he has also been so greedy as to take your fly or minnow over all; and then don't be sorrow for having nabbed him, and saved a million more of flies and small fish, each life as

precious as his. From the stomach of a trout, of about the above weight, I have cut out six small trouts, pars, or smolts, averaging five inches long: the one first swallowed digested nearly to the bones, the last, whole and entire, still stuck in the gullet for lack of capacity in the stomach equal to the voracity of its nature. This trout took my imitation fly, over and above this gorged bellyful, by which it was caught."

Salmon are equally epicurean in the matter of worm-bait:—

"I have known two fishers, each of whom has, at periods more than twenty years apart, met with the self-same occurrence in the very same place—the *Bayhill Cast*, at Dryburgh Chain Bridge. The fish took the bait, and was run some time from near the head to the foot of the stream, when by some accident the line was broken, or cut on a rock, within a foot or two of his mouth, when the fisher coolly put on a new tackle and bait, went up and began again at the end of the cast, and exactly on the same spot, hooked him again with much less ceremony than at the first, as the fish seized it this last time with great eagerness, and was run and landed with the first bait, hooks, gut, worms and all, hanging in his throat."

Younger was not the only Border angler of great repute. A word or two is due to a brother in the craft, were it only because he was the discoverer of a simple but valuable means whereby to catch salmon, when better were not at hand:—

"Jock Smail, who died about twelve years ago, was a Jedburgh man; and his principal angling streams were the Teviot, Rule, Jed and Kale. He was for a long term of years looked upon as, and he no doubt was, the most successful angler in the district. His feats with fly on the still pools of the Jed are yet spoken of; and we have seen him fill a moderate creel out of one long pool where almost no other angler would have taken above half-a-dozen trouts; and at this time he considered himself past his best, for he was an oldish man. He had a thorough knowledge of the habitat of all the finny tribes in the streams he fished; and his feats were performed with what would now be called very coarse tackle. He was also the most successful Teviot salmon angler in his day; and it was who found out the minnow to be a bait for salmon. Early in the present century (about 1805 or '6), he was angling one day in the Teviot for salmon, in company with his father—'Auld Rob,' also a keen and clever angler. The old man, after vainly plying his fly for an hour or two, came to Jock, calling out as he approached, 'C'way, c'way, they're no gaun to take; let's hame;' but on seeing three or four fish lying grassed, he immediately ejaculated—'Lord! how gat ye thae, callant?' Jock did not explain; but Rob, watching his 'cast,' cried out, 'mercy, laddie, yer flye fa's like a stane, what are ye fishing wi?' The minnow was shown, and the twosome kept the secret for a season or two, during which time they killed a large number of fish."

This volume is not only a pleasant and useful one in itself, but it is published in a very convenient form. It contains much valuable information, including a list of the Tweed Salmon Casts, and it may be carried in the smallest of an angler's many pockets.

Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, Boston. By John Weiss. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

The Collected Works of Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society at Boston (U.S.); containing his Theological, Polemical, and Critical Writings, Sermons, Speeches and Addresses, and Literary Miscellanies. Edited by Frances Power Cobbe. (Trübner & Co.)

The minds and lives of great men are many-sided; but Theodore Parker was remarkable amongst great men for the various aspects which his career of noble labour presented to the world,—aspects each of which procured

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him so many warm adherents and bitter enemies that he may be pointed to as one of the most widely beloved and intensely hated men of his generation. As scholar, writer, popular preacher, and political agitator, he attached to himself an army of devoted followers, and provoked the animosity of thousands. Much might be said about him as a man of society, a conversationalist, and a man of humour, were it not for the insignificance of those pleasant traits of the domestic friend and fireside companion, when they are placed by the side of his public achievements. The teacher, of whose influence upon the religious life of England the 'Essays and Reviews' and Bishop Colenso's critical inquiries are but two amongst many noteworthy manifestations; the partisan who openly declared that he would resist by force the Fugitive Slave Bill, and who wrote one of his powerful sermons against slavery, with his pistol lying before him on his desk,—is the Theodore Parker in whom thoughtful men take interest. The man's life, not less than his writings, will repay patient study and for many a day command attention. It contains instruction for minds of every calibre, and will captivate readers who have no sympathy with his views. Many persons, to whom his doctrines are heresy and in whose eyes his fierce hatred of legal oppression is nothing but the intolerance of a political enthusiast, will peruse his history with philosophic care as the record of a conspicuous leader who, taken at the lowest estimate, was a notable representative of American thought.

Mr. Weiss has performed his task conscientiously, and in most respects with intelligence; but the biography is open to objections. It is needlessly long. At least one-half of the letters which it contains would have been omitted with advantage; and the publication of the placards, issued by the Boston Vigilance Committee, of which Theodore Parker was chairman, given as they are in the biography with the "sensation headings," staring capital letters, and notes of admiration which spiced them, when they were used as abolition-posters, is a flagrant offence against good taste. Throughout the history, and more especially in the earlier part, Mr. Weiss is too wordy, introducing cumbersome and by no means appreciative descriptions of his hero's mental growth, indulging in reflections which are misplaced, even when they are not irrelevant. For instance, amongst other anecdotes of Theodore Parker's childhood, it is told how, when he was eight years old, he incurred disgrace at school by firing off his pop-gun during the hours of study. As a punishment for the offence he was compelled to throw the toy into the fire, where, the biographer assures us, "it cracked pitilessly to a reprimand." Possibly a keen relish for stories about the early years of eminent men will enable some readers to enjoy this anecdote; but no admirer of the 'Essays pertaining to Religion' will thank Mr. Weiss for contrasting the bang of the little fellow's pop-gun with the noise which he caused in later years. "His pop-gun," observes the historian, "was always of the biggest, for his mark was far and high."

On another point Mr. Weiss lays himself open to censure. Speaking in his Preface of the wide acceptance of Theodore Parker's teaching, he remarks: "In England alone the simultaneous publication of two distinct editions of his Works, though both of them are quite unauthorized, and neither respects the duty and wishes which rule in his late home, sufficiently attests the importance of his writings to the popular mind, to develop therein free and manly thought." Having thus preferred a vague charge of disrespect towards Parker's

wishes and representatives, against the editors of both the new London editions, Mr. Weiss gives Miss Cobbe an additional stab in a footnote. This display of ill-will and literary pique is by no means in harmony with the biographer's task, and savours of ingratitude to a lady who contributed to his collections the series of beautiful letters which she received from Parker during the last ten years of his life.

Descended from a line of poor but honest yeomen, the grandson of a Capt. John Parker, who captured, at the battle of Lexington, a British musket—which was the first firearm taken by the Americans from the enemy in the War of Independence,—and the youngest child of a petty farmer and mechanic of Lexington, Massachusetts, whose family was numerous and whose means were narrow,—Theodore Parker by birth belonged to a class which half-a-century since was placed but few degrees above the rank of the very poor. From boyhood till the end of his college course he won by his own exertions the means for obtaining that scholastic instruction which his needy parent was unable to give him. He was a clever and precocious child; the stories told of his early capacity resembling the marvellous tales of Niebuhr's childhood. At night he wrote verses, and could repeat verbatim and without a trip a poem of 500 or 1,000 lines after a single reading. A song once heard was clearly written upon his memory. Circumstances, however, opposed the growth of his intellect. Born August 24, 1810, he first attended a class at a village school in the year 1817, and from that time he alternately worked at his books and laboured for daily bread, until he had raised himself into the Unitarian ministry. From 1817 to 1827 he had eleven weeks' schooling in each winter,—the rest of every year being spent in toil on his father's farm or in his father's shop, with the exception of the first two years of his academical course, in which years the little fellow had the advantages of instruction during summer as well as winter. "In the winter of 1827, being then seventeen, he began to teach; the first winter, a district school in Quincy, the second in North Lexington, the third in Concord, and the fourth in Waltham, working on the farm or in the shop the rest of the year." Taking a patriarchal view of their offspring, and regarding their children as a power rather than a burden, Massachusetts farmers rated their sons' energies and strength amongst the stock of their homesteads. A child's labour was not to be withdrawn from the sum of family efficiency without good reason; and in cases when the head of a rustic household permitted its withdrawal, it was not unusual for the absentee to render compensation to the father who had lost his services. When Theodore finally left home, at the age of nineteen, to work his way in the world, he not only supported himself, and without any person's aid effected entrance into a profession, but also out of his own pocket, for a time, paid the wages of the labourer who supplied his place in his father's establishment.

Entering Harvard College in the summer of 1830, he prepared himself for the usual examinations, as a non-resident scholar,—working meanwhile as an assistant in a private school, at Boston, and subsequently as a schoolmaster on his own account at Watertown. When hard work had utterly broken him, and he was making a rapid descent to the grave, he remarked on this period of his life to a correspondent:—

"It is twenty-nine years to day since I left my father's house and home and sought a new home in Boston. A raw boy, with clothes made by country tailors, coarse shoes, great hands, red lips, and blue eyes, I went to serve in a private school, where, for fifteen dollars a month and my board, I taught

Latin, Greek, subsequently French (!), and Spanish—both which I could read and write, though not speak—the mathematics, and all sorts of philosophy. I was not twenty-one, and hired a man for eleven dollars a month to take my place for five months at home and do the farm work. My father refused to accept this, but I insisted that it would be unjust to use me better than the other boys before me. I taught in the school six hours a day, and from May to September seven; but I always had from ten to twelve hours a day for my own private studies out of school. You may judge what sort of a boy I was from the kind of man you have known since. Life lay before me then (it is all behind me now), and I had hope where now is only remembrance. Judge if I did not work; it makes my flesh creep to think how I used to work, and how much I learned that year, and the four next. Had not I constitution for a scholar? Oh, that I had known the art of life, or found some book or some man to tell me how to live, to study, to take exercise, &c. But I found none, and so here I am."

On leaving Harvard he had mastered ten languages, and, in spite of obstacles to persistent study, had read widely and thought deeply. In 1837 he was ordained and appointed to the Unitarian Church at West Roxbury, near Boston, where he lived for the next six years of his life, labouring zealously amongst his congregation, reading hard, and preparing those discourses on religion which brought upon him the thunders of the orthodox members of his sect. On May 19, 1841, he preached at South Boston the 'Discourse of the Transient and Permanent in Christianity,' which roused the anger of his fellow-Unitarians not less than it offended other sections of religious thinkers. His treatment by the Unitarians of America closely resembles the treatment endured at the present moment by Bishop Colenso, in his contest with the defenders of Anglican orthodoxy. He was frowned upon in the streets, excluded from the Boston pulpits, proclaimed a shallow sceptic and flippant unbeliever by preachers and press writers. Sermons and reviews were alike employed to cover him with ridicule and odium. The Christian forbearance and perfect self-command with which he endured in silence or answered with gentle words the fierce and scornful attacks of his opponents, may also be compared with the conduct of the English Bishop under similar provocation. The violence of the opposition defeated its own object. The preacher's wrongs won for him friends amongst those who would have remained indifferent to the agitation had he been encountered with fairness. The immediate effect of his exclusion from the Boston pulpits was an invitation from his admirers in that city to deliver a series of lectures. The invitation, it is needless to say, was accepted; and, in 1842, when he was no more than thirty-two years of age, he preached in Boston the 'Discourses on Matters pertaining to Religion,' a series of lectures which have exercised, and will long continue to exercise, great influence on earnest thinkers.

In 1843 Parker visited Europe, passing some weeks in England, and visiting France, Italy and Germany. In London he made the acquaintance of John Sterling, Mr. Thomas Carlyle and Mr. Babbage, and at Liverpool he preached from Mr. Martineau's pulpit. He made a trip to Oxford, where he was struck by the badness of the sermon delivered by the University preacher in the presence of the Vice Chancellor and members of the University. Puseyism also attracted his attention, and under the influence of a characteristic sympathy with spiritual earnestness, whatever might be its form of expression, he wrote about the High Church movement in the following cordial style:—

"Puseyism is getting forward rapidly; it has already embraced the greater part of the piety, and the learning too, of the Church; and men look forward confidently to the time when the Puseyites will all secede in a body as not far distant. Really the rise of this party in the English Church is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. The Old Church is not so dead as men fancied; some are found who say to the fat bishops and easy deans, 'Go to the devil with your livings and your rents—your tithes and your distrainings; let us put life into these old forms which you are humbugging the people withal. We want a revival of Christianity—primitive Christianity, and will believe anything and sacrifice all things, but we will have it.' Here is Dr. Newman—gives up a rich living out of conscientious scruples! Dr. Pusey, born of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, who at Pusey Hall keep a horn of gold given them by Canute—a man bred in all tenderness, rides on the outside of coaches, and submits to all manner of hard fare, to save money to give to the poor and promote education, Christianity, and the like of that! He says a man in good circumstances ought to give up a fourth part of his income for benevolent purposes!—and does it!"

It is noteworthy that this denouncer of ecclesiastical misdeeds—the extreme freedom of whose opinions had caused the Unitarians of America to fly from him with horror—saw nothing in England more beautiful and encouraging than the action of the High Church party.

On his return to America, he accepted the office of minister to the 28th Congregational Society of Boston; and for the remaining years of his life, until failing health admonished him to seek repose, he was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties to that society, and was also a fearless advocate of those religious and political opinions which he deemed it his duty to enforce on society at large, not less than on his own peculiar body of adherents. During his ministry the Twenty-eighth Society worshipped in the Boston Melodeon; and in that spacious music-hall, provided with fifteen hundred seats, Theodore Parker often addressed three thousand people. He was emphatically the popular preacher of that noble city, from which bigotry had a few years earlier attempted to drive him; and he never rose in his pulpit without looking down upon a dense multitude eager to catch his words. Many interesting particulars—some of them sounding strange to English ears, and likely to raise a passing smile—does Mr. Weiss give of the American minister. Sometimes his sermons—although they were always inspired by an earnest desire to discharge his special duty as a spiritual instructor—were political essays rather than addresses on points of doctrine or morals. At periods of party excitement he would hold his congregation for hours at a time. In his note-book, under date October 31, 1852, there is this entry, "Preached sermon on Mr. Webster—a sad and dreadful day to me; it was so painful to criticize, as I needs must. The preaching of the sermon occupied two and a half hours; it would have required three quarters of an hour more to preach all that was written." The demonstrative Americans are prone to interrupt their pulpit-orators with demonstrations of approval, which in this country would be thought painful breaches of decorum. Of Parker's mode of dealing with such interruptions, there are many good stories. "Once," writes a member of his congregation, "when he was preaching on the forgiveness of sins, and showing how the infinite love of God had provided means of recovery for the most guilty soul, a man in the gallery suddenly cried out, 'Yes; I know it to be so! I feel it to be so!' Mr. Parker paused in his sermon, and addressed him in words of strong faith and assur-

ance, 'Yes, my friend, it is so; and you cannot wander so far but God can call you back!'" The following passages also are characteristic of the preacher and his country:—

"When the slave Shadrach was arrested, but released by a spontaneous movement of our citizens, the event occurred on Saturday. We were still anxious on Sunday in regard to his final escape. Mr. Parker preached that day an anniversary sermon—the fifth of his settlement in Boston. At its close he said, 'When I came among you I expected to have to do and to bear some hard things, but I never expected to have to protect one of my parishioners from slave-hunters, nor to be asked to read such a note as this:—"Shadrach, a fugitive slave, in peril of his life and liberty, asks your prayers that God will aid him to escape out of bondage." But,' he said, 'he does not need our prayers. Thank God! we have heard of him safe, far on his way to freedom.' I cannot describe the intense excitement of the audience. For a moment there was perfect silence, and it seemed as if our hearts would burst with the pressure of feeling. Then one spontaneous shout of applause re-echoed through the building, and gave us the relief so much needed. Here let me say that, while Mr. Parker felt the genuineness of such expression when inevitable and fit, he yet very much disliked the habit of applause in church, and kept it in check by remonstrance whenever a disposition to indulge in it appeared. He was a great lover of decorum and order. He always wore at church the plain dark dress which he thought befitting the service. The Bible and hymn-book were laid in their places—everything was in order before he began to speak. But he loved freedom and individuality also, and he would not suffer them to be sacrificed to his own comfort. How gentle was his remonstrance against the noisy slamming of the forty-four doors of the Music Hall towards the close of the sermon! how patiently he took it for granted that only important engagements led people to such a violation of good manners towards those who held their doors invitingly open to them! He said to us once, 'I do not like to see people reading books and newspapers before the services commence. It troubles me very much, and I have often been tempted to ask people to abstain from it; but I remember how precious a half-hour's reading was to me often when I was a young man, and I feel that I ought not to ask anybody to give it up for the sake of my comfort when it is not wrong in itself.'"

Theodore Parker's attitude on the Slavery Question is worthy of observation. It was not enough for him to speak and write against the atrocious system, demonstrating it to be an economic blunder as well as a hideous sin. To be in his own city the centre and heart of such Abolitionism as the law countenanced did not satisfy his sense of duty. He made laborious journeys for the sake of stimulating hatred to slavery; gave open support to John Brown's mad schemes, even when his own sound judgment assured him that the enthusiast's attempts would be futile; and openly declared that his exertions in behalf of the oppressed negro should not be limited by human laws. The iniquitous Fugitive Slave Bill should not debar him from carrying out that which he sincerely believed to be a Divine command. "In 1851," observes Miss Cobbe, "he sheltered in his house a man and wife, who formed part of his congregation, and whose master sought to retain them. He wrote his sermon that week with his pistol on his desk before him." Englishmen, with their reverence for human laws, when they are wise, and their patience under them when they are but the vexatious and abominable restrictions of tyranny, will question the morality and prudence of such violence. But if they wish to estimate rightly the temper and texture of the American Anti-Slavery party, they will do well to bear in mind that the enlightened and temperate Theodore Parker was not more inclined

than John Brown to a temporizing policy on the question of compulsory labour.

At length the teacher's bodily strength gave way. Cold excited tubercular disease in his lungs, and he was assured that, unless he went for a time to a warmer climate, he would not live through another twelvemonth. "It is hardly credible," remarks Mr. Weiss, "even in ecclesiastical America; but will it be believed abroad, that a representative paragraph of pious jubilation actually appeared, attributing Mr. Parker's consumption to the fervent prayers of the elect?" When Parker learned the view which the bigots took of his case, he wrote to a lady in the following style:—"I make no doubt the persons who pray for my conversion to the common ecclesiastical theology, and those who pray for my death, are equally sincere and honest. I don't envy them their idea of God, when they ask Him to come into my study and confound me, or to put a hook in my jaws so that I cannot speak. Several persons have come to 'labour with me,' or have written me letters to convert me."

In search of the health and strength which he was never to recover, Theodore Parker made his second visit to Europe. On June 1, 1859, he reached Southampton, and after spending a few days in London, went to Italy, where he died, at Florence, on May 10, 1860. There is pleasure in the knowledge that, as the dying man passed through England, he received strong proofs of the affectionate regard entertained for him in Great Britain.

Prester John, the Legendary and the Historical — [Der Presbyter Johannes in Sage und Geschichte, von Dr. Gustav Oppert.] Berlin, Springer; London, Asher & Co.)

PLUCKING a hair from the beard of Prester John was one of those exploits which, in the olden time, might have been placed on a level with the manufacture of ropes of sand, though it rather implied greatness of courage than proficiency in science. Your *proux chevalier*, we are taught to believe, would offer to perform the feat in honour of his mistress, and the offer was so far safe, that failure in such a case would scarcely have been regarded as disgraceful. Perhaps if the priestly monarch had been found, the operation might have been performed with more or less difficulty by some sturdy Frank warrior, but the point was to catch him. Where was Prester John to be found? There was a day, when everybody was perfectly convinced that there was a Prester John somewhere, and thought that he might turn out to be a most valuable friend, but nobody was ever clear about his postal district.

The Great Unknown was first, it seems, a subject of European conversation about the middle of the twelfth century. The affairs of the Christians in the East were in the worst possible condition; all news that travelled westward comprised information of some new disaster; when, suddenly, the report spread that a mighty Christian monarch, calling himself Presbyter John, was reigning in Asia, and, having just gained a signal victory over his Mohammedan neighbours, was hastening to the relief of the Crusaders. Pope Alexander III. was delighted, and in September 1177 actually wrote a letter to the illustrious Presbyter, and intrusted his physician with the delivery of the precious epistle. Nothing seems to have been afterwards heard either of the letter or of the physician, and Presbyter John had a fair chance of being forgotten altogether, when the fearful incursions of the Mongols again called the attention of Europe towards the East. It was when the colossal nuisance occasioned by

the barbarians had been stopped by their defeat at Liegnitz in Silesia, that the Popes and other Western potentates thought that a general conversion of the Mongols to the true faith would be a useful provision for the future, beneficial at once to the souls of the heathen and the persons and property of the Christians.

Acting on this happy notion, Pope Innocent IV. sent a number of missionaries eastwards, and at first the enterprise looked rather promising than otherwise. The Mongols, who were heathens, and consequently objects of hostility to a number of Mohammedan states in their immediate vicinity, could not afford to treat the Christian missionaries with utter contempt, and soon kindly relations were established between the Popes, the Kings of France, and the Grand Khans of the Mongols.

At the present day, our missionaries acquire an additional claim to our respect, if besides illuminating the benighted heathen, they send home a little mundane light in the shape of geographical information. So was it also in the Middle Ages; and there is still reason to be grateful to the Livingstones connected with the old Mongolian missions, though they now and then went somewhat too far in the exercise of the traveller's well-known privilege.

To find some tidings of Presbyter John was almost a matter of duty with the missionaries. Their report was rather dismal, being to the effect, that the potentate in question had certainly reigned and flourished once upon a time, but that he had come to grief, having fallen in battle, while resisting the progress of the most terrible of all the Mongols, the redoubtable Djingis-Khan.

A dead Presbyter John is better than nothing, but the Europeans were not to be satisfied with so small a prize. They wanted a continuous Presbyter John, and presently one turned up in Africa, or at least in Ethiopia. We speak thus cautiously, because the fact that Ethiopia is in Africa was by no means so clear to a mediæval geographer as to a precocious child of the nineteenth century, who has been duly nurtured with wholesome rations of Pinnock. There was a certain big country vaguely called India, which took in a great deal. Johannes de Plano Carpini mentions black "Saracens and Ethiops" as inhabitants of "Lower India," which is in Asia; and Marco Polo describes Abascia, or Abyssinia, as a vast country, which is commonly called Second or Middle India. Travellers of this sort are very puzzling, when one tries to follow them on the map.

In Abascia, wherever that was, Marco Polo found a supreme king, who was a Christian, and six tributary kings, three of whom were Christians and three Saracens. The supreme king was, indeed, of such indubitable piety that in 1288 he resolved to visit in person the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and was only dissuaded by his less zealous councillors, who strongly represented the dangers of the journey. The pilgrimage was, however, duly performed by a large number of his subjects. This admirable monarch was, of course, Presbyter John.

As geographical notions became more distinct, Presbyter John was, in popular belief, pushed further westwards, that is to say, the great Christian King of Johannes de Plano Carpini and Marco Polo was accepted, but both he and his Ethiopia were transferred to Africa, where, sure enough, a real Christian emperor was to be found—an emperor, too, who put on something like a substantial look by sending an ambassador to Milan, in 1395.

Nothing could be less mythical than the Christian kingdom of Abyssinia; and when the maritime enterprise of Portugal was at its

height, the new Christian Empire in Abyssinia was especially made an object of inquiry, and two Oriental scholars were sent by King John the Second for the express purpose of hunting up Presbyter John. One of these, whose Latinized name was Covillanus, certainly reached Ethiopia, and saw in its Christian monarch so much that accorded with what he had already heard, that he did not scruple to report to his Portuguese master the discovery of the long-sought Presbyter. His report was confirmed in the reign of King Emanuel, successor to John the Second, by the appearance of Ethiopian ambassadors at the Court of Lisbon. Nobodies cannot send ambassadors.

A good tangible Presbyter John having thus been found, the next job was so to draw a system of geography that would reconcile the exploits celebrated in the twelfth century with John's present position in Abyssinia. How did he, or his predecessors, who were all Johns of course, manage to gain those Asiatic victories that had so greatly delighted Christendom, if his empire was so remote from the supposed seat of action? No less a person than the renowned Joseph Scaliger stoutly maintained that the dominion of the Ethiopians had once extended to China, and that they had afterwards been deprived of their Asiatic possessions by the Mongols.

In the seventeenth century the theory that Presbyter John and the Emperor of Abyssinia were one and the same person, was formally exploded in consequence of the investigations of certain learned Portuguese, and since that event some have supposed Presbyter John to be a Christian precursor of the Dalai Lamas of Thibet, others that he was Ung-Khan, chief of the Tatar nation of Kheraites, which professed the Nestorian form of Christianity. To this Ung-Khan, the afterwards famous Djingis-Khan was originally a vassal, but repeated wrongs turned the faithful subject into an enemy, and the conquest of the Kheraites in a battle, in which Ung-Khan was killed, was among the memorable exploits of Djinghis.

The Ung-Khan theory, which connects the Presbyter John of mediæval belief with the rise of the Mongol power, and the propagation of the Nestorian heresy in Asia, is the one which is generally received at the present day; but it is opposed by Dr. Gustav Oppert, who, by dint of unbounded erudition and indefatigable research, has arrived at the conclusion that Presbyter John is not Ung-Khan, but Korkhan, prince of Kara-Khitai, and a scion of the Khitans, who, from 906 to 1125, ruled the north of China. On the fall of this dynasty, Yeliutasche, cousin and generalissimo to the last king, migrated, with a considerable body, to the north-east, and founded an independent empire, over which he reigned under the name of Korkhan.

The arguments by which Dr. Oppert arrives at this result, and which are necessarily based on minute historical details respecting the obscurest nations, can scarcely be rendered intelligible within a compass less than that of the small volume which he has just presented to the literary world. We may fairly say it is likely to interest many persons who are comparatively indifferent as to the grand question whether Presbyter John was the Khan of the Kheraites or the Prince of Karakitai. Though, as we have said, it is small in compass, it contains all that relates to the legend of Presbyter John and the literature connected with him. The famous letter purporting to come from the Presbyter himself, and addressed to the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, is given entire in Latin and German, accompanied by an old German metrical version.

In this letter the Presbyter John of the le-

gend appears in all his glory. Here is a potentate, in the existence of whom a generation anxiously expecting wonders from the East, would delight to believe. He is waited on by seven kings, sixty-two dukes, two hundred and sixty-five counts and margraves, and every day dines with twelve archbishops at his right hand, and twenty bishops at his left. He has a palace, built by his father, the foundations and walls of which consist of precious stones, cemented together by the purest gold, and within its precincts is a spring more wonderful than the palace itself. To every one who drinks the marvellous waters they taste like the particular viand or beverage for which he has the greatest predilection, and if taken fasting, under certain regulations, will insure a life three hundred years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours in duration, followed by painless death. Presbyter John's letter was known to Maundeville, and it was, perhaps, in consequence of a knowledge that the priestly monarch owned the invaluable waters that people, after no matter what lapse of years, expected to find him alive. All the marvels connected with Presbyter John are referred, by Dr. Oppert, to the influence of the Sindbad story, which circulated early in Europe, and to which many of the stories told by travellers of the Marco Polo and Maundeville kind are to be traced.

A Steam Trip to the Tropics; or, the Description of a Visit to the West Indies, including Part of Central and Southern America. By J. Hawkes, M.D. (Skeet.)

A pleasanter book of travel than this—one more lively yet more clear of affectation—has not come to judgment for a long time. A considerable period has elapsed since we have been treated to any West Indian pictures,—attention having been by preference directed to our Eastern dominions, in which the sun of prosperity is rising, and not, as in our once rich colonies, suspended, if not sinking in an atmosphere of supineness and decay. There is hardly a page in Dr. Hawkes's book which does not exhibit some object which we desire to see, or freshen some recollection of the experiences of former tourists, or bring up our knowledge of the doings of chance and change to the time present. As an instance, it is many a year since we set foot on shore (in print) at Carthagea:—

"In rather less than four-and-twenty hours we were off Carthagea—the high hill of La Popa, surmounted by a monastery, rising over the beautifully wooded shores, and commanding the bay. At the entrance stands a ruined fort, overgrown with weeds and luxuriant creepers, the massive battlements overthrown, a single rusty gun lying on the rampart. Here is a solitary bastion—there a broken gateway—yonder shattered columns even surmounted by dilapidated vases, relics of former grandeur. We glided swiftly past the decayed memento of old Spain, the silent witness of her defunct dominion, and rounding a small promontory, dropped anchor before the town. And then what a sight of tropical beauty met our eyes. As far as could be seen might be noted every variety of tint and shade of vegetable growth. Vast tracts of land, wholly uncultivated, though richly productive, form the shores, where clusters of palms, in full glory of leafage, cast their shadows among tangled brushwood, mingling their deep-green tints with the paler hues of the sea. Between the trees stand native huts, peeping forth from their shady retreat, with their high-pitched roofs, and a boat or two lying idle on the sand in front. All is still—scarcely a ripple on the transparent water. A faint waft from the shore brings odours of herbage and dank, tropical vegetation. La Popa, on the hill, looms in broad sunlight, shadowless and bare. Abruptly the steep cliff descends just beyond, wrapped about at its feet by

dense forests of brushwood, palms and jungle—a mass of green down to the water's edge. Looking towards the town might be seen a long, white wall, or rampart, behind which is a large hospital, part of a convent, and further back the dome and towers of a church. A deep gateway faces the landing-place, flanked by stout walls; and by this we enter a large, irregular square, ankle deep in dust, and bounded by various dilapidated buildings, new and old, in various picturesque stages of decay. A guard of soldiers occupies the gate-house, and though not very invincible in appearance, they are doubtless equal to the occasion. From this square several streets run up into the city, their tortuous and narrow passages almost blocked up by refuse and dust, or rendered impassable by holes and puddles of filth. On the sides of these vacuums are the ancient abodes of the Spanish grandees, in different aspects of faded magnificence. In one that I entered, with the hospitable proprietor of which I had been become acquainted, the peculiar character of these buildings was very well preserved, reminding one of similar dwellings in the Spanish city of Havana. A gloomy courtyard, guarded by porch and gate, the latter studded with enormous nails, and adorned with a ponderous knocker, which I should be sorry to hear employed on the door of any house it might be my lot to occupy. From this court a flight of marble steps conducted at once to the private saloons. A sort of vestibule, or landing, at the head of a second flight, all marble, led into the reception-room, a magnificent suite of apartments, paved with squares of black and white marble, with lofty ceiling, which, with the walls, was simply whitewashed, the windows, three or four in number, all thrown open from the centre, and heavy Venetian blinds moderated the light, while admitting what air there was outside. The elegantly-designed modern furniture seemed a little at variance with this primitive arrangement; but this blending of antique simplicity and modern ease and refinement was redeemed by the presence of two elegant and fascinating women. I spent a most agreeable evening in this mansion, and carried away a pleasant reminiscence of my visit to Carthagena. It was a sultry morning when I set out to explore the town and visit the cathedral, and a sultry day in Carthagena is not to be laughed at. As we rowed leisurely ashore from the steamer, and the harbour, with its groves of palms and shady plantations, stretched out around us, the view was exquisite: the heights of La Popa; the fort in the hill, where they say fifteen hundred Englishmen were put to death, one morning before breakfast, by an unexpected party of Spaniards, who had managed to drop in on them—that silent fort amongst the woods, which I never looked upon without a thought of the surprise, the brief struggle, the sudden end of those men. * * Now the bay is scarcely navigable beyond its mouth, and we have to steer carefully even in the cutter, rubbing and only just clearing the reef, till we arrive off the wharf. The navy of New Grenada was represented by some half-a-dozen small brigantines, one mounting two guns, another three, and a third only one, but all flying their national colours, and looking as warlike as circumstances permitted. As we cautiously pull through the narrow and dangerous channel, a flock of parrots, in gorgeous plumage of scarlet and green, fly right over head. At last the town is reached, and we make our way through the heat and dust across the square, and up the rickety, tumble-down, superannuated streets. The sun broils, bakes, melts, stews, fries, and burns; and so, hoisting an umbrella, we bear up under full sail for the cathedral. An old negress stands at the corner of the street, selling a luscious mass, called 'douce,' a compound of sugar, grease, and cocoa-nut. It is a narrow, ill-looking thoroughfare, the houses rotting away and heaps of garbage lying about, while the foul turkey buzzards or crows sit on the roofs, or flutter and hop about in the gutters quite at home. The barred-up windows and desolate courtyards, with a gloomy porch, here and there a broad patch of sunlight, there a mass of shade, a grim, dark aperture, door and window probably in one, a parti-coloured rag of garment flutters from some recess overhead, the

habitation of a dyer; a few trees wink and blink in the sun, the only alive objects seen, save the carrion crows and two nigger children playing in the road, or rolling in the gutter together—heaps of dirt and refuse everywhere, with a fine concentrated flavour and odour of ripe decay. * * And now we reach a square, sandy and littered about with refuse of many kinds. An ancient stone building on one side is the remains of the Spanish Inquisition. Its courtyard is now empty and desolate; a few fragments of carved capitals and pieces of stone are heaped together, and the grass grows everywhere about, the lizards crawl in and out, and glance hither and thither in the sun; the entrance is dark and forbidding. Nearly opposite stands the cathedral, with its heavy gateway whitewashed within and without. The great doors are thrust open, and a glimpse of the darkened and cool interior is quite refreshing. Hush! there are figures of women, in deep mourning, kneeling before the high altar. The great chancel is otherwise empty. Several altars are placed north and south, arrayed in various degrees of magnificence, though in all the faded splendour and dingy grandeur corresponds. Along the walls are suspended numerous paintings, mostly coloured lithographs, some very indifferently executed—others are elaborately finished in oils; of this latter class is one that especially commends itself to the visitor's attention, representing the tortures of the damned, while the blessed look on from above in calm enjoyment—the design is thoroughly Spanish. Behind the grand altar rises a magnificent retero, containing the statues of numerous saints, the figures being splendidly painted and gilded, and their canopies are beautifully carved and coloured. Of course, there are no end of gorgeous relics, crosses, and silver candelabra, on the altar; and the effect is, as may be supposed, very solemn. But, of all the cathedral contains, there is nothing more striking or more notable than the pulpit, which is considered quite the lion of Carthagena. This work of art is constructed of white marble, inlaid with many coloured stones, and adorned with exquisite statuary in alabaster, of scenes from the Gospel History. This pulpit is said to have been intended for the principal church of Mexico, but it found its way here instead. Westward is an inclosure, capable of accommodating two or three hundred people, where the service is actually conducted, and the seats or thrones for the Dons and dignitaries are placed. This was locked, so we could not obtain an entrance. The old organ seemed a very curious looking affair, but they have a modern one in a plain case, which is I conclude the one generally used. The floor is of marble throughout. The walls are whitewashed, and adorned with several tombstones, bearing long Spanish inscriptions. One cannot resist the feelings of awe, on pacing slowly, and with bated breath, through the aisles of this old Spanish cathedral. The antique and rude designs for the various altar ornaments, in their barbarous magnificence of colour and gilding; the faded and sombre state and pride, signs of which meet the eye at every turn, bespeak the long-departed years of priestly pomp, while they still inspire feelings of veneration and respect. One may imagine the glittering paraphernalia surrounded by the awe-struck crowd, as, with solemn music, and high-borne crosses, the sacred procession wound slowly past, or rested in grim array, while the terrible Inquisition brought forth its trembling victims to their horrible doom."

The above is a passage setting before us a picturesque place haunted by many recollections. The pages devoted by Dr. Hawkes to Havana are livelier, because that city is fuller of motion and prosperity,—a metropolis of bull-fights, and operas, and shows, and lotteries, and streets as narrow as those at Genoa, perilously (so far as nervous foot-passengers are concerned) charged by *volantes*—vehicles too wide for the road—the wheels, a single pair, being of great circumference; and the horse "ridden by a negro, armed with silver spurs and huge jack-boots." We will take one other glance at the gaieties of Havana:—

"The shops are mostly excellent, and the display of goods creditable to any European city; but many of the richest and most tempting wares have been imported from France and Spain. Costly silks and shawls; magnificent specimens of glass and china ware; valuable upholstery in various fancy woods; tailors' shops, where an outfit might be procured as readily as in London; fruit shops; bird shops, where the liveliest little warblers are seen and heard in full feather and song; cigar establishments, where cigars might be purchased at 300 dollars a thousand, or nearly fifteen pence a piece of English money, minus the duty. Besides these are the photographic shops and saint shops, where any sort of saints are sold. On my way to the Prado I proceeded by the Street O'Reilly, and noticed one portrait shop in it remarkably worth seeing. There was also a saint shop, which was a perfect exhibition of itself. Several figures of the Virgin were exposed for sale, clad in richest brocade and lace, and otherwise sumptuously attired, their inexpressive and doll-like faces being the only drawback to the admiration they evoked. Many other saints, in various and gorgeous array, were to be seen—the figure of St. Jerome, with glass eyes and a venerable beard, and the effigy of a young maiden, a sort of shepherdess, with blue eyes, looking squintingly, as a Yankee might say, would do duty for St. Ursula—or any other girl. * * The celebrated café La Dominica, which adjoins on the Palace Square, is an extensive establishment, partaking of the character of an hotel, bazaar, café, &c.; and a very capital place for refreshment. The interior comprises a large square hall, surrounded by windows—opening direct to the street, on two sides, and fitted with convenient tables and seats, to invite the lazy loungers, who are always ready in Havana, to smoke and lounge away the day. In the centre, a fountain plays, among rockwork and tropical plants." Here may be procured ices equal to the best in Paris, incomparable chocolate, superb cigars, and a cool and pleasant retreat from the sultry heat and glare of the street. * * After dinner, I went, with some friends, to the opera. Having provided ourselves with tickets, and engaged a regular English britzka and pair, we drove to the house. The exterior, though very extensive, is plain and unpretending; but the interior was a most agreeable surprise. The decorations are most chaste and pleasing, in green, white, and gold. There are three tiers of boxes. No heavy curtains and fringes of drapery, but light and elegant lattice-work, which imparts a charming appearance, and in no way hinders the ventilation. The house was admirably lighted, while the general effect was considerably heightened by the presence of the graceful señoras in the boxes—the brilliancy of their attire, and loveliness of their personal charms, contributing to impart extraordinary beauty to the scene. The operatic company—a French one—performed one of Verdi's operas, with moderate success. Between the acts, the spectators in the body of the house rose *en masse*, and retired to the adjoining refreshment rooms, being recalled by the sound of two bells in time to witness the next act."

At this opera-house in Havana our best European artists have reaped golden gains; and some may not have forgotten the amusing account of her campaign there, written by, or for, Mdle. Fanny Elssler many years ago. It was at Havana, too, that another graceful and expressive artist, Madame Charton-Demeur, was greeted a few years ago by one of those magnificent ovations of wreaths, gold crowns, sonnets, and illuminations, the secret of which has not yet penetrated to the domains of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson.

A score—half a hundred—pages as pleasant as the above could be cited, did not the book merely consist of some hundred and fifty pages. It would be unfair, then, further to exhaust these, even for the purpose of recommendation.

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The Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Divines, translated into Hebrew.—The Same, translated into Syriac. By the Rev. H. S. M'Kee, D.D. LL.D. (Dublin, Murray.)

AN admirably-arranged, compact Catechism is that called the Shorter, drawn up by the assembly of divines who met at Westminster upwards of two hundred years ago. It is full of dogmatic theology of the Calvinistic stamp, and still subscribed by all orthodox Presbyterians in Scotland, Ireland, and England, as *founded upon, and agreeable to, the word of God*. Whether it be fitted for the instruction of youth, is a question admitting of grave doubt, because its greatest admirers must perceive occasional obscurities and ambiguous phrases. The men who composed it undoubtedly possessed an extensive acquaintance with the Bible and with Calvin's works. They were strong-minded divines, who believed in the salutary use of powerful doses of systematic theology to the youthful mind. Many of their descendants cannot swallow, much less digest, the strong meat they prepared in their day for boys and young maidens. How they would mourn over the puny appetites of their degenerate offspring, were they to re-visit the world now, and witness the transition state into which the old verities have passed! With regard to the qualifications of the divines in question for the arduous task they undertook, there is room for difference of opinion. For several of them we have profound respect—for Lightfoot, Selden, Goodwin, and others; but blind apologists have overrated their merit. The books they drew up, often amid much debate over separate statements and sentences, are hardly documents to be subscribed or sworn to in their extent and integrity at the present day. "We stick long," says Principal Baillie, one of the Assembly, "on scabrous questions." . . . "Had it been God's will to have made our army here this last year successful, we should have had few debates for any of our desires; but the calamities of our country and weakness of our army make the sects and their friends bold and very insolent." Judged by modern criticism, all the productions of the Westminster divines show considerable defects. Milton's words about the men are worth citation, albeit true Presbyterians are not very fond either of Milton's theology or of his notions about their forefathers:—

"And if the State were in this plight, religion was not in much better; to reform which, a certain number of divines were called, neither chosen by any rule or custom ecclesiastical, nor eminent for either piety or knowledge above others left out; only as each Member of Parliament in his private fancy thought fit, so elected one by one. The most part of them were such as had preached and cried down, with great show of zeal, the avarice and pluralities of bishops and pluralities; that one cure of souls was a full employment for one spiritual pastor, how able soever, if not a charge rather above human strength. Yet these conscientious men (before any part of the work done for which they came together, and that on the public salary) wanted not boldness, to the ignominy and scandal of their pastor-like profession, and especially of their boasted reformation, to seize into their hands or not unwillingly to accept (besides one, sometimes two or more of the best livings) collegiate masterhips in the universities, rich lectures in the city, setting sail to all winds that might blow gain into their covetous bosoms; by which means these great rebukers of non-residence, amongst so many distant cures, were not ashamed to be seen so quickly pluralists and non-residents themselves, to a fearful condemnation doubtless by their own mouths."

The two publications at the head of this article are curious specimens of learning and

labour. They are the result of great ingenuity. The knowledge of Hebrew and Syriac they display is extensive. A self-taught man, the pastor of a small country congregation in Ireland, with a very limited income, Dr. M'Kee, has mastered two ancient languages and forced them to express Christian doctrines. His performance is wonderful. He might, indeed, have done some parts of it better: it has defects and inaccuracies—for example, in the question, How many *sacraments* are there? the equivalent term employed is one that only means *sanctity*. In the Syriac version, the representatives of *question* and *answer* are uniformly wrong. The former means *petition, request, entreaty*; the latter, *word*. But the works show much power over Hebrew and Syriac, and an acquaintance with both which the writer should apply in a more useful direction. It is not worth while to render 'The Shorter Catechism' into these two ancient tongues. Of what utility are the little volumes likely to be? Scholars into whose hands they may fall will wonder at Dr. M'Kee's linguistic acquirements,—his ingenuity, perseverance, and curious tastes; but they will also think that his time might have been more profitably employed. Such a man ought to be in a public situation suited to his talents. If he belonged to the Established Church he would not be neglected as he is. His learning is hid in a set of old-fashioned but vigorous Presbyterians, who care as little for the thing as our English dissenters. We should like to see such aptitude for the acquirement of languages duly fostered and properly applied.

An English Catalogue of Books published from January, 1835, to January, 1863. Comprising the Contents of the 'London' and the 'British' Catalogues, and the Principal Works published in the United States of America, and Continental Europe. With the Dates of Publication, in addition to the Size, Price, Edition, and Publisher's Name. Compiled by Sampson Low. (Low & Co.)

A century and a half ago Swift raised both hands and voice at the number of books that were then being published in the course of a year. He was stirred alike to astonishment and admonition. If this thing went on there would be more books than readers. Already, in his own time, there were more books than readers well knew what to do with, and every man set up for being a judge. "Tis grown a word, of course," he remarks, "for writers to say, 'this critical age,' as divines say, 'this sinful age!'" Already, if a man made a name, he made a score of enemies. Swift could tell when a true genius appeared without reading his book. He knew the reality of the genius by the fact that all the dunces were in confederacy against him. But it was the increasing multitude of volumes that gave him concern for the brain of future generations; and he did not take into account that future generations would take care of themselves, and that not one book in a thousand of those published in his lifetime would survive the century in which they were born. He did not think of this illustration of his own ideas with reference to the present and future times, when he remarked in a book of his own, which is still profitably read, "'Tis pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next. 'Future ages shall talk of this!' 'This shall be famous to all posterity!' Whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now."

When we glance at this monster Catalogue of books that have been published within eight-and-twenty years, we are almost induced to

say what the sapient Duke of Cumberland said, when the Duchess suggested that he should be civil to Gibbon, who was present,—"What! at your old business again? scribble! scribble! scribble!" Nor can we help wondering as to how many of these authors have gone through the discipline recommended by the Dean of St. Patrick's, when he said: "Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments." Probably very few, if any, writers have done this; and, perhaps, their books would have been none the better if they had. There are writers who are like those preachers that are priding themselves on saying something, when they should have had something to say; if an author has not something of his own to tell, and is not able to tell it in a tolerably pleasant way, he would look in vain through old books for what he would like to know, or for omissions which he would deplore. What he would like to know would, probably, be already known to the public; and as for the omissions in old authors, which he might lament, his book would be none the better, unless he could supply what was wanted, and then the public would have to say whether the article was worth having at all, and especially if it were worth the price asked for it. Nevertheless, without study of books, neither authors, nor men of other calling or pursuit, can ever achieve the perfection that all men should desire to reach. "If what you say be law," said Lord Clare to Philpot Curran, who had studied all writers on law with a zeal that placed him higher in authority than the legal lord who censured him, "If what you say be law, Mr. Curran, I may as well burn all my law books!"—"Your lordship had better read them!" was the calmly-cutting reply of the barrister thus addressed.

Again, we look at the battalion of books mustered in the columns of these pages, and wonder how many would answer to the term "good book," as that term was comprehended by Aristotle. That philosopher said, "A book is a good book if the writer says all that is necessary; nothing but what is necessary; and in the necessary manner in which it should be said." How many books would stand being judged by this test? How many of these here columned have been written simply for the pleasure of writing? For the remark of the old French Abbé holds good in the minds of many, and his remark was to the effect that composition was Paradise; revision, Purgatory; and reading proofs, Gehenna itself. Some writers have found a torment beyond this last, in adverse criticism. But a true-hearted man will know how to accept, apply, or reject this. There are instances of less wise writers, in the old classical times, who slew themselves because of hostile judgments on their productions; and the list of men who have died through the same cause, did not terminate with John Keats.

The sprightly Madame de Sommeville observed that there was only one book required by a genius, and that book was nature. The Caliph Omar, who did not care about geniuses, had the same opinion with regard to the number of books required by the world at large. He was of opinion that the world needed but one, and that one was the Koran. Accordingly, he commenced by burning the Alexandrian Library, and Dr. Cumming is altogether of opinion that the Caliph's act was, after all, justifiable.

Such, however, is not the general opinion. Books have been always eagerly sought for, and the good highly prized in England. Middleton

and Rowley's old play, 'The Changeling,' speaks of

an ill-set book,
Whose faults would prove as big as half the volume.

This allusion to the neglect of punctuation is also supposed to show that a good book was not affected by being carelessly printed. It is thought that the demand must have been very great, or printers and publishers would not have ventured to send them forth so shamefully incorrect. The sellers supplied country customers. Whatever the demand may have been, there were few booksellers to be found in country towns, even as late as the reign of Queen Anne. Johnson's father used to go into Birmingham and open a bookstall, or store, there on market days. For that town there was no other immediate source of supply. Indeed, publishers used to "keep the fairs." Dunton "kept" those of Bristol and Stourbridge. One would suppose that little was done towards the support of trade by such a small circulation of books as this would seem to indicate; but then, as now, nearly thirty different kinds of labour were employed in the "turning out" of a book, from the author with pen and ink in hand, to the publisher delivering the volume to the retailers. Thus, even by bad authors, a great many honest people live; and he that loveth a good book will, according to Barrow, "never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter."

That much, however, cannot be said of all books to which might be attached the epithet "good." Of all the productions registered in this massive volume, probably the most read are the novels; and these, with a few exceptions, are the soonest forgotten. Unfortunately, they are too often the only books read by some persons. How often, on being questioned, will a lady answer, "Oh! I read nothing but novels!" She makes a business of what should be a relaxation; and the tone, and therefore the worth, of female society is becoming deteriorated by this exclusive reading. But remonstrance with the dear creatures would be all in vain. They have the authority and example of Gray to fall back upon, whose antepast of Paradise was in lying all day on his back reading the last new novel. The obligations of posterity to Gray would have been twice as great as they are, if he had devoted less time to reading romances, and more to what he himself has so well called "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

As photography is driving out, or rather has, unfortunately, driven out, line-engraving, so modern arrangements connected with books are ruining the book trade. People used to buy few books, put them up in their libraries, and read them often at their leisure. Now, but always with exceptions, the family library is for ever going backward and forward between the home and some great lending library, and is continually suffering change. These readers read nothing at leisure, for their time is limited; and they do not buy new books, but wait till the circulating library gives up its volumes that are no longer called for. This process is injuring both publisher and retailer, without bringing much advantage to the public. But trade must be left to regulate itself, and the book trade among the rest. That there must still be great demand and supply, this volume goes to prove. The compilation has been a labour of years; if there be a few errors they may be readily pardoned; they are outweighed by the merits, a great share in which undoubtedly belongs to the careful editor, Mr. Sampson Low.

NEW NOVELS.

Wanted, a Home. By the Author of 'Morning Clouds.' 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—The author of 'Wanted a Home' writes the most depressing books of any author of our acquaintance; she has a gift that way. 'The Romance of a Dull Life' was clever but aggravating, as showing happiness which was only missed by a hair's breadth. 'Morning Clouds' was intended to console the young for the sorrows incident to youth, which, after all, have a sharpness that exceeds those which fall later in life. We remember closing this book with a sigh, feeling much as though somebody had demonstrated the weight of the atmosphere to be—how many pounds avoirdupois on the square inch?—but who had forgotten to tell us how lightly we bear the burden; and so we began to think how very miserable we should be if we only knew it. The author of 'Wanted a Home' is very clever; she writes excellent English, which is a virtue not by any means common, but her books are as depressing as a shower at a rural fête. She has the faculty of delineating the loneliness and the discomfort of an uncongenial home. More vividly than any other author does she set forth the little debasing commonplace miseries which have their rise in poverty of nature and want of high thoughts and noble instincts, the demon of commonplace and vulgar selfishness; but she cannot rise out of this field. Her heroine is superior to everybody round her, not so much by her talent as by her nature, which is generous and noble; her intellect, too, has been cultivated, and she lives in the midst of people who are *bornés*, and who despise everybody who is not as they are. Into this unloving circle Helen, the heroine, is cast; her father has broken off her acquaintance with a young cousin, rather wrong-headed, and who reads Carlyle and Maurice. Helen, who loves him and understands him, has to endure a great deal of pain and sorrow at the separation from Arthur, and hearing all the hard things said about him. After a while, her father dies, and instead of being a heiress Helen and her sister are left almost penniless. The sister marries and goes abroad; but Helen accepts a home with some very vulgar relatives, who, coarse and common, make their hospitality bitter. This is the household we have referred to above; it is excellently described. In addition to all her other sorrows, Helen hears that Arthur has forgotten her, and is about to marry another. She is very unfortunate in all her friends and acquaintances, for those who are elegant are heartless, and those who are good are prejudiced; so Helen is unhappy, and feels herself belonging to nobody; and at the moment that she hears the news of Arthur's engagement she receives an offer of marriage from Sir Matthew Blinkhorn, a vulgar, pompous, shallow-minded, but very rich baronet, and she accepts him for the sake of a home. When it is too late, she finds that Arthur is still faithful to her, and only a few weeks after her marriage she receives a letter from her sister, telling her that she was returning to England "and then, dearest, you will come and live with us, and we shall be almost as happy again as ever we were." When Helen read these words she needed no preacher to point the moral of her last half-year's experience. A little longer of patient endurance, a firmer trust, a more unreserved surrender to the guidance of conscience, and she would have been free and happy. Now was her bondage so much more heavy that even her thoughts must be fettered, and "she must avoid any comparison of what she was with what she *might* have been as guilt." As if this were not enough, Arthur returns faithful and well to do in the world, and hoping to marry her; her husband is more pompous, disagreeable and foolish than he even threatened to be. Helen behaves well, uses all the heroism that would, if earlier practised, have saved her from the great mistake of marrying for a home, to make the best of her position and to do her duty to the husband she has taken. Nothing can be nobler and better than her conduct in trying to retrieve her error; but the effect it leaves on the reader is depressing. Certainly the moral of bearing patiently

the ills of a present position instead of marrying without love to escape from them, is very effectually pointed, and the reader will be likely to lay it to heart. Could not this clever writer give us a pleasanter story with a moral less costly to the heroine?

Black Moss: a Tale by a Tarn. By the Author of 'Miriam May.' 2 vols. (Bentley.)—There is a perverse exercise of talent on disagreeable subjects throughout 'Black Moss,' which keeps the reader in a state of continual protest. The story is ghastly; the tale is absurd; the characters are extravagant; some of the incidents repulsive; the style is mannered and artificial. Who can ever be expected to take an interest in the doings of a hypocritical and wicked undertaker, who poisons the streams of fresh water by allowing the deadly filtrations from the graves to percolate into them?—in the sordid wickedness of a man who keeps a fever alive throughout a hamlet, in order that he may bury the dead, and trade upon his own reputation for sanctity and benevolence—a man utterly base and bad, with the smell of the graveyard always upon him! Yet Gideon Cuypp, the man living among funerals, worms and epitaphs, does excite an interest in the reader; and in the last scene, where he is overtaken in his own snare, there is a genuine power, which will make the reader hold his breath with awe. The author has his own ideas about fashionable life: that a lady of rank should adopt the niece of a village undertaker, is possible; but that this girl should become all at once a fashionable young lady, of dazzling beauty and elegance, be received with admiration in high society, captivate the Prime Minister, who shall condescend to flatter her uncle, the undertaker, and humbly ask for his consent to marry his niece,—is not like anything that ever occurred outside the boards which bind the book! All the scenes which describe Minna Norman in London, and her sentimental superiority over the young ladies she there meets with, and her refusal of Fabian Massaren, the Prime Minister, in all his glory, because she loves Guy Melchior, the vicar of Black Moss, who has just a hundred pounds a year, and who has never told his love to her,—are all absurd things, told in an absurd style. To be sure, eventually Minna Norman turns out to be a young lady, the daughter of the Prime Minister himself, born in a clandestine marriage contracted in early life. So that, to make Minna Norman worthy of being introduced into fashionable life, and to account for her refinement and grace, she is endowed with an aristocratic father in the person of the very man who has been wishing to marry her; and, indeed, she only escaped from that terrible complication by the rare chance of having preferred a country parson, with a stipend of a hundred a year! This is only one of the many instances of the want of perception between the difference of what is offensive and what is pleasant in his choice of incidents; the bad taste with which this author disfigures his work. This obtuseness of perception seems to be in him a defect of organization, like colour-blindness.

Bertie Bray: a Novel. By the Author of 'Sir Victor's Choice,' &c. 2 vols. (Maxwell.)—The Christian name of Miss Bray is to be read as it is written, for it is merely a fanciful designation given to a young lady by her parents (even as Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs bestowed on their favourite child the endearing appellation of "Morleena"), and is in no way connected with the aristocratic dissyllable which we are taught to pronounce Bertie. Some of our readers are probably aware that 'Bertie Bray' was published in a magazine, and therefore does not now make its first appearance. Miss Thomas has considerably improved as an English scholar since she wrote 'Bertie Bray.' In 'Denis Donne' we had, it is true, to point out a few rather singular expressions, but they were of a venial character as compared with some which occur in 'Bertie Bray.' *Au reste*, the smaller work contains clear indications of the power of diction and skill in delineation which have since been further developed. The moral of the book seems to be, that we may have a number of people all very nice and good in their way, but each labouring under some fatal defect. Thus, Mr. Bray is learned, clever and amiable, but has no "go" in him; his wife is energetic

and kind Power, worshipp and has petted A but hear full of k racter to adopting variety to go th to prepa efforts. that we kiss her of fifteen to us th to less Victor, never ge Lotheric of all the Father M'Grig called a discussi of Rom the cli to devel Jesuits, on all t reach, e story is kind, an stories in he has vigorou able and partake and fus the hero father a is dead, son sha has pro a large mother ceptor Catholi a young hear of endeav discover tion. but sho friend and on —the C Clemens the Ch verify as he p world, cism, proud, tant vi the sli After is orde and to Madel course marrie has be corres) of her argum the ba great arises, and w which of. M the Je causes specie vent; to the cover

and kind, but deficient in sentiment; Maurice Power, the hero, is a splendid and by-all-to-be-worshipped being, but he is "unstable as water," and has all the unconscious selfishness of an over-petted Adonis; Miss Power is perfect externally, but heartless as an icicle within; Mrs. Power is full of kindness and tact, but lacks force of character to infuse her good feelings into others. By adopting this uniform plan in the delineation of a variety of characters, Miss Thomas has been enabled to go through a kind of elementary course, and to prepare herself for larger and more complicated efforts. Of the heroine, Bertie, we must needs say that we are surprised at her allowing Maurice to kiss her (though unengaged) at the respective ages of fifteen, seventeen, and twenty-one,—this seems to us to be scarcely proper or prudent; but nevertheless we are glad that she is happy at last. Victor, the tempter, is let off too easily; but we can never get lady novelists to be severe upon the gay Lotharios whom they will persist in adoring in spite of all their errors!

Father Sterling: a Novel. 2 vols. By James McGrigor Allan. (Newby.)—*Father Sterling* is called a novel, but it is in reality a religious discussion on the dangers and errors of the Church of Rome, especially on the evils and miseries of the celibacy of the priesthood, and is intended to develop the unscrupulous wickedness of the Jesuits,—the beguiling influences they bring to bear on all the young men and women within their reach, especially if they are rich. The story as a story is the most dismal and disagreeable of its kind, and we have read a good many anti-Popery stories in our time. The author is evidently in earnest; he has read up for his subject, and the book is vigorously written, but the story is so very miserable and depressing, that to be obliged to read it partakes of the nature of a penance. An artful and fascinating Jesuit priest takes possession of the hero, Clement Sterling, the son of a Protestant father and of a Roman Catholic mother. The father is dead, and has directed in his will that his young son shall be brought up a Protestant: the mother has promised to fulfil his command, but there is a large property. The Jesuit priest, Wiley, is the mother's director,—he becomes the friend and preceptor of Clement,—Clement becomes a Roman Catholic, but in strict secrecy, for he is engaged to a young Protestant lady, whose father would never hear of her marriage with a Catholic. Clement endeavours to subvert her faith, which her father discovers, and breaks off the match with indignation. The lovers part, vowing eternal fidelity; but shortly afterwards, Clement hears, through his friend Wiley, that the lady of his love is faithless, and on the point of marriage with another man,—the motive of Wiley being of course to keep Clement from marriage and to secure his riches for the Church. Clement, without any attempt to verify the report, believes it, takes orders as fast as he possibly can, and, in a state of disgust at the world, becomes a model of eloquence and asceticism, and a priest of whom the Church may be proud, seeing that he has carried all his Protestant virtues into his new creed, without imbibing the slightest tincture of Romish fraud and deceit. After nearly killing himself with austerities, he is ordered by his superior to go out into society, and to take relaxation. At a grand ball he sees Madeline, as his lady was called, once more; of course she has been constant, and never dreamed of marriage with any one. Now, however, not only has he become a priest, but, thanks to her former correspondence with him, she, under the pressure of her disappointment, has seen the force of his arguments, and become a Roman Catholic, so that the barrier between them is quite impassable. A great deal of misery, remorse and complication arises. The Jesuit Wiley acts the part of tempter, and would have given absolution for transgressions, which Clement is far too good and loyal to dream of. Madeline also has a large fortune, which the Jesuit would fain secure for the Church. He causes the young lady to be plied with every species of temptation to induce her to enter a convent; her father is abroad, and she falls a victim to the machinations of Wiley. When barely recovered from an illness brought on by remorse for

her love of Clement, she enters a convent; her novitiate is hurried over, and she is an irrevocable nun before her father returns. He dies of the shock when he discovers the fact; she dies when she discovers the villany that has been practised against her; Clement dies, fancying that Wiley has poisoned him; and Wiley himself dies a very miserable man. There are minor personages, but they are all disposed of, and there is no need to specify them. All the wretchedness, misery, and complications in the story are set down by the author entirely to the vices of the Roman Catholic religion, especially in the matter of the celibacy of the clergy; but in our opinion, a fair share of the blame ought to be laid to the incurable folly and want of all common sense in the victims themselves. Readers who want a novel for light, pleasant reading, had better not get *Father Sterling*, especially during hot weather.

A Fatal Error; or, the Vyrinnians. By J. Masterman. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—*A Fatal Error* has a good deal of interest in the early portion, and only fails of being a good novel, from the want of strength in the author to take a firm grasp of the main incident on which the story hinges, and the extremely absurd line of conduct he has selected for his hero and heroine. The first volume is entertaining; the characters are set well before the reader, and the family groups of the Gittineses, the Framptons, and the Lances, are amusing; the coquette Nelly, and her sailor brother, are especially well sketched. But when the story has been fairly set in motion, the want of power in the author to deal with the real work becomes manifest. So long as it is only lively conversation and sketchy incidents, such as might figure in a lady's letter, all is good of its kind; but when, on the eve of her marriage-day, Constance Vyvianne discovers the murdered body of her bridegroom's brother, the story at once becomes feeble. The incident of the murder is huddled over, and the reader might easily overlook this serious fact, and have to return on his steps to find the page. Constance discovers beside the body of the murdered man a little knife which belonged to her father, who, she concludes, must therefore certainly be the murderer, though there is no other evidence, and the greatest improbability. She conceals the knife, and "says nothing to nobody,"—indeed, she has an attack of nervous dumbness, from the shock and horror of her discovery. This might have been made a powerful position, but there is not only a failure of strength to handle the incidents, but also an absence of the workmanship necessary to give substance and reality to the actions and emotions of the characters. Constance goes through the marriage ceremony with her betrothed, but refuses to live with him; he overhears her delirious ravings about her father, and consents to allow her to live separate, though he attaches no credibility to her suspicions. The husband, who is in the Navy, goes on active service, and the wife lives with her relations. At the end of twenty years, during all which time she has only once met her husband, the real murderer confesses; but the confession itself is feeble and accidental; there has been nothing to lead the reader up to it, nor is there any workmanlike skill displayed to give it effect. The husband and wife, now more than middle-aged, come together as suddenly as they had parted, and the reader closes this unsatisfactory book with something of the feelings of a whist-player whose partner has held good cards and a winning suit, which he has thrown entirely away, and lost the game for want of knowing how to play. The author has talent, but is ignorant of the first rudiments of knowing how to build up a story.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Land: its Registration and Transfer. A Letter addressed to Landowners on the Benefit arising from a Parliamentary Title, and the Mode of obtaining It. By Howard Reed. (Effingham Wilson.)—Lord Westbury's Act to facilitate the Transfer of Land has not been adopted to any great extent at present, and the great majority of lawyers will assure you that it is a dead failure, as they always said it would be. We do not believe

this to be the case. That the public should be slow to perceive the advantages to be gained under the new system would not be surprising, even if their oracles in matters of law should fairly explain them; but the attorneys are almost unanimous against the Act. Not only are Messrs. Dodson & Fog against it, but Mr. Tulkington, the family solicitor, himself, regards it with the greatest suspicion. Almost all lawyers, whatever may be their politics, are Tories in their profession; and the unwieldy and illegible mass of discoloured parchment by which the title to English lands is proved has obtained in their eyes something of that sanctity which formerly belonged to Roman Catholic disabilities and rotten boroughs in the opinion of the political Tory. But, bearing in mind the greatness of the change effected by the Act and the slowness with which other great changes have been adopted by the public, may we not consider the business that has been already transacted as above, rather than below, the amount which might have been expected? The applications for registration were recently stated to have been only forty-two in number, but to have comprised property of the estimated value of one million sterling. We are told that there have since been additional applications comprising between 1,700 and 1,800 acres of land, including property exceeding 130,000*l.* in value. Is this failure? It is a failure which will send down the name of Westbury to posterity as one of the most successful of English law reformers. We have frequently pointed out what we must take leave to call the indisputable advantages to be gained under this Act, especially by those who are about to parcel out a large estate in building lots. To these persons (and to see the number of unhappy places which may now be classed in auctioneers' language as "rapidly improving neighbourhoods" their name must be Legion) the provisions of the new law can only be undervalued by being unknown or misunderstood. Suffice it here to say, that every man has now his choice. He may have the evidence of his title in a number of greasy documents which he cannot read, and if he could read he could not understand, and his title may remain open whenever he sells or mortgages any part of his estate to all the questions and cavils which the most astute intellects, especially ground and polished for the purpose of questioning and cavilling, can raise with respect to all the transactions which have affected the title for the last sixty years. On the other hand, he may, if it so please him, have the whole evidence of his title in a short certificate, with a map annexed, and his title made unquestionable by any man. The landowner may place himself in this latter position at somewhat less expense than he would have to incur in effecting a mortgage, and a purchaser of land may obtain this registry without adding to the expense of his purchase. We have too much faith in the practical good sense of John Bull to doubt for a moment that in a few years the system of registration of title will be very largely adopted. He will not in general, however, learn the advantages to be gained under this Act from his lawyer, and it is well therefore from time to time to remind him of them. To do so is the ostensible object of the pamphlet before us. The author has, however, a further object, although he does not very clearly state it. Like the gentleman in *'The Critic*, he adopts the "Puff collateral." In his Preface, while expressing his high respect for lawyers and his hope "ultimately to work with them," he points out their hostility to the Act, and asserts the necessity "of a new Agency" for proceedings in Land Registration. Mr. Reed does not inform us as to his own position; but we apprehend that few respectable solicitors will decline to take the necessary steps to place a title on the registry when instructed by their clients, and we think that a person educated in the law will perform this task better than one who is not.

The Statute Law affecting Pleasure Yachts, their Owners, Masters, and Crew, under the Shipping Amendment Act of 1862. Compiled by William Holt, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. (Mitchell.)—Dibdin divides the human race into two classes—"Seamen and lubbers ashore." There is now, however, a third class, namely, yachtmen, or as your true seaman might perchance name them, "lubbers

afloat." This third class cannot but be much puzzled by the Merchant Shipping Act of 1862, which enacts that the whole of the third part of the principal Merchant Shipping Act of 1854, (except certain sections therein named, which are twenty-nine in number,) shall apply to pleasure yachts. If the yachtman should take the whole Act of 1862 on board with him, it is obvious that he would be always troubling his head about some of those sections that do not apply to him, and overlooking enactments to which he is subject. Mr. Holt has therefore performed a very simple and easy, but at the same time an exceedingly useful work, in publishing, in a small compass, those sections that do apply to yachting-men without those that do not.

The Sabbaths of the Year: Hymns for Children. By Mrs. Henry Lynch. (Virtue & Co.)—To write psalms for men is a much easier task than to write hymns for children, such as children will understand, and will also like to sing. Marian or Bessie may appear to be a very young critic, but her powers of expressing scorn for twaddle and nonsense may be only limited by the flexibility of her nose. Poetry of the "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" order, is especially trying to judges of five or six years, and "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" not to be borne after seven or eight. Many persons have offered to supply tolerable verse for infant singing; but we do not think with such final success as to preclude other labourers from bettering their work. Mrs. Lynch, in *'The Sabbaths of the Year,'* has set the Sunday saint to music, in a way which is always earnest, and sometimes very effective.

Thoughts from a Girl's Life. By Lucy Fletcher. (Macmillan & Co.)—This is a little volume of sweet and earnest verses, especially addressed to girls, by one who can sympathize with them, and who has endeavoured to give articulate utterance to the vague aspirations after a life of pious endeavour, which accompany the unfolding consciousness of the inner life in girlhood. These aspirations are usually accompanied with a dreamy melancholy, which, unless wisely managed, is prone to degenerate into "castle building" and sentimental fancies, enervating alike the judgment and the affections. All who have had anything to do with the care and education of girls, know how provokingly they can give evidence of sense and judgment beyond their years, and directly afterwards show an incredible foolishness, both in word and deed, that would seem to place it in doubt whether they were created rational beings! This unbalanced, half-developed state of the faculties is that with which education is especially called on to deal; and it is for girls in this stage of their life that these *'Thoughts from a Girl's Life'* are designed. The poems are all of them graceful, and they are marked, throughout, by an accent of reality; the thoughts and emotions are genuine; and this gives them an emphasis which will commend them to the sympathies and feelings of those to whom they are addressed. The book is very prettily got up, and it is one that many young girls will be glad to read and to possess.

Mr. Christopher Katydid of Casconia: a Tale. Edited by Mark Hayward. 2 vols. (Saunders & Otley.)—There are marks of cleverness in this tale, but the style is ponderous, and the jokes are heavy. It is written in imitation of *'Peregrine Pickle,'* *'Humphry Clinker,'* and novels of that school. The satire is upon men and things in America; the story itself is too much of a burlesque to take any hold of the reader's interest; and it is not likely to find much favour with general readers. The author gives evidence of ability; but, in the present instance, he has not applied it successfully.

A Complete History of the Great Flood at Sheffield, on March 11 and 12, 1864: being a True and Original Narrative, from Authentic Sources, comprising Numerous Facts, Incidents, and Statistics never before published. To which are added, Official Lists of the Dead and Missing, giving the Names, Ages, and Residences of all the Victims, when and where Found, and where Interred; Official Returns showing the Number of Buildings and Houses Destroyed or Injured in each Locality; Mr. Rawlinson's Report to Government on the Causes of

the Flood; Full Report of the Inquest; Measures of Relief; the Water Company and its Liability, &c. Illustrated with Twenty Views of the Principal Scenes described, taken from Photographs. By Samuel Richardson. (Harrison.)—In each of the few passages where he makes an attempt at fine writing, Mr. Samuel Richardson falls far short of success; but he has done good service in placing in a convenient form the records of the Sheffield disaster. Generations hence his book will be of value to local chroniclers, and at the present time, whilst the catastrophe is still fresh in the public mind, there are those who will find a painful, but not unwholesome, interest in its pages. A more dismal volume it would be difficult to find. The sudden destruction of helpless families, and the demolition of property amounting in value to a sum not very far short of two millions sterling, are occurrences into which no one would look for the sake of mere amusement; but, still, the calamitous story is not without curious episodes, and occasionally a gleam of ghastly humour crosses the blackness of its misery. In his hideous narrative of mothers and children, strong men and babes, cattle and homesteads, swept away by the devouring flood, Mr. Richardson pauses to laugh over what he designates a "comic incident." A poor little old man, imperfectly ludicrous as a village tailor, and altogether despicable as an old bachelor, is seen floating over the stormy waters in a large box. Whilst younger and fairer victims are carried away to death, this lean, cadaverous, unwed tailor rides upon the billows, clutching tight hold of the sides of his clumsy vessel, and enduring as he best can the keen blasts of the March wind, against which his only protection is a portion of an old shirt. When the waters subside, he is rescued from his perilous position, and is put into clothes more suited to a bachelor and a tailor. Curious, also, was the case of the Hukin family. "In another garden-house lived a file-grinder, named Hukin, his wife, and a niece, named Alice Jackson, and a child or two. They were all drowned. The body of Mrs. Hukin was found the next day at the Rutland Road Bridge, Neepsend. In connexion with this case a curious point of law was illustrated. Mrs. Hukin had invested, in her name, some money which really belonged to her and her two sisters jointly, and some weeks after her death one of her sisters, named Elizabeth Cartwright, sought to take out letters of administration of the estate and effects of Mrs. Hukin. Mrs. Hukin left no parent or child surviving her after the inundation. The only question was, which died first, Mrs. Hukin or her husband; and the Judge of the Court of Probate decided that, in the absence of evidence that the husband had survived the wife, the next-of-kin of the wife was entitled to the general grant." Thus the Judge disregarded the rule which, in cases where a husband and wife were destroyed by one disaster, such as the wrecking of a ship or the storming of a city, assumed, in the absence of evidence, that the woman, as the weaker of the two, and thereby the less qualified to struggle and endure, died before the man. Readers may recollect a similar case that recently occurred in one of our law-courts. Amongst other points on which the compiler lays appropriate emphasis, is the speed with which the waters travelled. "The velocity of the flood," he observes, "was awful, and to use the words of Mr. Rawlinson, the Government Inspector, after the dam burst, 'not even a Derby horse could have carried the warning in time to have saved the people down the valley.'" At Malin Bridge a row of houses had the good fortune to escape the destruction which fell upon the greater part of the village. "The inhabitants of this row were in a position to witness the full horrors of the flood. They say that the water came at once and went at once, and continued at his full height about a quarter of an hour." Quick as the flood was to destroy, the promptitude with which public benevolence relieved the sufferers is even more notable. "In about two months the noble sum of about 50,000*l.* was raised. The sum obtained was more than sufficient to relieve all cases of urgent distress, and in May a notice had to be issued that further subscriptions would not be required."

Eastwards; or, Realities of Indian Life. By

C. P. A. Oman. (Simpkin & Co.)—In the proper "James" manner, this book opens with the description of "two pale little children sauntering up the promenade of one of our fashionable watering-places." The little girl was "weak in her ankles" and the boy's skin was not what it might have been, had he been born elsewhere than in India. Their father, a staff-officer, sent them home for health and education, and died of low fever. In due time the children leave school and college for India, and we derive from them the ordinary descriptions of the Overland route, Indian society, scenery, and manners; the buffalo story and the bull story occur as usual; flirting and match-making are described with a good deal of commonplace skill, and we may learn all about the external characteristics of Bengal and its inhabitants in a quiet, easy fashion, which will please those who do not care for deeper inquiries. This book is carefully written, but with small aid from literary experience on the part of the author; it is also rather dull.

"Leisure Moments;" comprising Sketches and Essays, Historical and Descriptive. By J. Wills. (Macintosh.)—Let no one buy this book under expectations such as those to which the title may give rise, and be disappointed when he finds it to be exactly what is styled a "religious publication." There is very little that is historical, and still less of the descriptive sort in it, in the ordinary sense of the words. With a good deal of unctious, Mr. Wills delivers himself of his personal convictions on the state and duties of men in this world, and on the applicability of Holy Writ to common life. He writes earnestly and plainly,—so simply indeed that the "Recommendatory Note," by the Rev. J. T. Waddy, of Worcester, which precedes the text, is quite superfluous, in warning the reader that the book has none of the stirring qualities of a sensation novel. This gentleman girds at the said "sensation novels" in a very uncalculated manner: if they are the rubbish he suggests, why did he read them? if he has not read them, why does he gird at them? That Mr. Wills's chapters are the results of somewhat narrow personal experience and commonplace observation is probably no fault of his. His little work is, however, less worth reading on that account.

Stories of the Patriarchs. By O. B. Frothingham. (Boston, U.S., Walker & Co.)—The author of this book may be a well-intentioned person, but he is, probably, not a wise one; he certainly is not a man of taste. The aim of this set of stories is to show little children the parallelism that exists, or the author supposes to exist, between the events of individual life and those recorded in the Scriptures. Every old story is taken as foreshadowing a new one, and our poor little boys and girls are to be taught to see all sorts of strange significances in Biblical events. Really this is too bad. Why cannot an innocent child be allowed to believe in the Garden of Eden after the glorious old fashion, without having its "moral sense" stimulated by recognizing that to depart out of innocence is, with all creatures, to quit Eden? The book is not directed to wicked children, if such exist, and an innocent child conceives as little of evil as, if healthy, it conceives of indigestion. Does the author imagine that a boy whose imagination is worth a button needs to be told that, ere the Fall, Adam and Eve dispensed with "reading and writing, arithmetic, geography, history,"—why not grammar also,—and "got off" a good many hard things in Eden? It will readily be believed that Mr. Frothingham does not enter into children's ways, nor put himself under their light: he paints elaborately all sorts of landscapes, but uses phrases which only men understand; he is like a friend of ours who insisted that *'Robinson Crusoe'* was not a good book, because some details of the background do not agree with the Flora of Juan Fernandez; but forgot that *'Crusoe's'* island lay "at the mouth of the great river Orinoco." As our friend would not put himself in the ways of children. This is a common cause of failure in writing children's books; in the effort to produce good ones fewer writers have succeeded than in any other department of literature. It is a fact, that we have more epic poems, more great histories, more magnificent critical discourses than

even tolerable step back into more honourable books.

An English Work intended for yachtsmen. Attie won English word carefully done. Not merely the authors are given in the preface, but the use of the book is also given in the preface.

From the Calithen Calithenica taken almost adapted into not understood needless remark for recitation an excess of pages of music to accompany a superb opera. Our Reg.

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Anderson's Angler's Re Armstrong's Beale's Six Benet's Ne Bower's Sou Brown's Cor Carmichael Callington Canton's Fe Davidson's F Dryly, Chas English and Fowler's G Fox's Book Galt's M Hall's Ten Hervey's H Hughes's P John's Out and St K & Co., Kieken's Macfield's Mason's Gu Mayhew's Kim (The),

but afterwards, when troubles came upon his kingdom, he left the monastery, and he died on the battle-field. The monastery and church fell into decay, but were restored by King Edmund, who lost his life in battle with the Danes, at a spot now known by the name of Hoxne, where he was buried. Miraculous powers attached to his memory and remains, and from him Bury was called "Bury St. Edmund's." St. Edmund's body was, after it had been buried thirty-three years, brought back from Hoxne, and interred at Bury, and the remains were said to have been miraculously preserved till that time. Mr. Hills proceeded with the history of St. Mary's Church, giving particulars of its rebuilding in the time of the Conqueror and succeeding monarchs. It was rebuilt by the Benedictines by the side of the old church, which was not removed till the new building was partially erected. This church, as built in the time of the Norman kings, was a very large and magnificent structure. He proceeded to give very circumstantial particulars of the church and monastery, and of the inmates of the monastery, saying he believed no fewer than four hundred monks and others resided within its walls. He then said that the Guildhall in which they were assembled was a work of the thirteenth century, the doorway being of that period. St. Mary's Church, the Norman Tower, St. James's Church, and the Abbey Gateway and Grounds, were also visited. At the evening meeting at the Council Chamber, a paper, by Mr. George Vere Irving, was read, 'On the Camps, Roman Roads, Pavements, &c., in Suffolk.' Mr. Sterling Westorp read a paper 'On the Books and MSS. in the Town Library at Ipswich.' Mr. Thomas Shave Gowing read a paper 'On Suffolk Local Etymology.'

On Wednesday there was an Excursion to Colchester, where the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne read a short paper 'On the Population and Taxation of Colchester in the Thirteenth and the Early Part of the Fourteenth Century.' In 1301 there were 389 householders, while in 1861 there were 23,809 inhabitants. The tax of one-fiftieth in 1301 raised 34*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.*, while the amount of one year's taxation in Colchester in 1857 was 4,758*l.* The party proceeded towards the Castle by the old town wall. At the corner of the wall by Balkernegate, Mr. Hartshorne pointed out the peculiarity of it, and said it was one of the most perfect specimens of the Roman wall in this country, formed in four courses of Roman tile and four bonding courses of a kind of cement stone. The old wall runs quite round the town, and is a remarkably well preserved ruin of the Roman period. The party assembled in the library of the old Castle, when Mr. Hartshorne read a paper on the ancient building. The keep was all that remained. It might be Roman or of a very much later period, and would not prove the date of the original building. The admixture of Roman brick with flint gave the building a singular appearance. The tower was octagon. The general appearance of the masonry was unlike that usually observed in Roman buildings. It was clear the castle was erected before the year 1130, and it appeared that the keep was, at all events, finished in the year 1170. The doorway seemed to be a century later than the general building. The building underwent two assaults in the thirteenth century. It was never of the same altitude as other Norman castles. No portion of the present structure could be shown to be earlier than the Conquest; and he adduced authority, as well as proof from the materials and construction of the building, in support of what he stated. It was not improbable that it was built in the time of Henry the First; and in support of this opinion he quoted some historical evidence. St. Botolph's Priory, St. John's Abbey, St. Giles's Church, and Holy Trinity Church, were also visited by the party. In the evening, Mr. Thomas Wright read a paper 'On the MS. Song-Book of an Ipswich Minstrel of the Fifteenth Century.' He believed that the MS. was originally in the Ipswich Town Library, and it was said to have been taken from there "because it had no business there." The book was valuable, the only similar MS. that he (Mr. Wright) knew of being in the British Museum. Mr. Wright gave a brief introductory sketch of the character of the

common songs and low entertainments of the ancient times and the Middle Ages. The book in question contained a few bacchanalian songs, one of which we give:—

Brying us in no browne bred, fore that is mad of brane,
Nor brying us in no whyt bred, for therein is no game;
But brying us in good ale.

Brying us in no befe, for ther is many bonys (bones),
But brying us in good ale, for that goth downe at onys
(once);

And brying us in good ale.

Brying us in no bacon, for that is passing fate;
But brying us in good ale, and gyfte us i-nough of that;
And brying us in good ale.

Brying us in no mutton, for that is often lene,
Nor brying us in no tyres, for thei be syldom clene;
But brying us in good ale.

Brying us in no eggs, for ther ar many schelles,
But brying us in good ale, and gyfte us nothyng ellys;
And brying us in good ale.

Brying us in no butter, for thein ar many herys (hairs),
Nor brying us in no pygges flesch, for that wyl make us
borys;

But brying us in good ale.

Brying us in no podnyges, for thein is all Godes god,
Nor brying us in no venesen, for that is not for owr blod;
But brying us in good ale.

Brying us in no capons flesch, for that is ofte der,
Nor brying us in no dokes (duck's) flesch, for thei slober in
the mer (mire);

But brying us in good ale.

On Thursday the party started for Framlingham and Dennington. Mr. R. M. Phipson had prepared a map and ground-plan of the Castle of Framlingham as it existed in its prosperous days, showing the outworks and the connexion of the moat or fosse with the mere on the west side of the Castle. The defences of the Castle consisted of an outer and inner moat, the latter running close to the walls, except on the west side, where the broad expanse of the mere was probably considered sufficient protection. The outer wall is all that remains of the ancient building. The Castle having been dismantled in the seventeenth century, by the order of Sir Robert Hitcham. Mr. Phipson read a brief paper, explanatory of the history and of the interior arrangement of the Castle. Mr. Phipson is positive that a Castle has existed at Framlingham from a very early period. He gave a brief description of the early accounts which pointed to the existence of a Castle at Framlingham from the latter part of the sixth century, and its occupation by Redwald, King of the East Angles. He considered it probable that the old Saxon Castle was destroyed by King Henry the Second, at the same time that the castles of Walton and Bungay were destroyed, and he quoted various accounts of wages paid expressly for the destruction of the Castle. Besides this, Camden and Grote both affirmed that the Castle was destroyed, and the walls themselves, on a close examination, were equally decisive on the point. Upon a close examination of the remains of the building nothing appeared of an older date than the Norman architecture. There was good reason to believe that the present Castle was built soon after the destruction of the old one, various orders connected with the building and repairs of the Castle from that time till the time it came into the possession of the Dukes of Norfolk, from whom it passed, at the rebellion of the fourth duke, to Queen Elizabeth and James the First, the latter of whom, in 1623, restored it to James Lord Howard, and at his death it was sold to Sir R. Hitcham, who bequeathed it for charitable purposes; and it was ordered by Sir Robert that it should be dismantled and the materials sold. This was most effectually done, and the Castle was left in much the same state it now appears. The party visited Framlingham Church and Dennington Church. The Rev. E. C. Alston read a paper 'On Dennington.' On the return to Ipswich, Mr. Edward Roberts read a paper 'On the Round Towers of the East of England,' of which he had examined 143, of which 38 were in Suffolk and 98 in Norfolk. The smallest of the Suffolk towers was at Mettingham, and the largest at Hengrave, and generally they were attached to very small churches. He found the towers very similar; generally they had no staircases, and only one entrance. He concluded that these towers were built by one band of workmen, and within twenty or thirty years, probably from 1100 to 1130. Mr. R. M. Phipson read a paper

'On Holbrook Church,' principally illustrative of "Heart Burial." Mr. Phipson's paper gave an account of Holbrook Church and of the disinterment of a small urn or vase from the masonry of a small niche in the walls of the church. He inferred from various appearances that this was the heart of the founder of the church or that of his wife, and it had probably been buried five hundred years. Mr. C. Hopper read a paper 'On Suffolk Emigrants to New England in the year 1634.' The paper included a letter written by Henry Dale, Commissary of Suffolk, to Archbishop Laud. The letter was dated February 4th, 1633, and contained an account of two ships which were then fitting out from Ipswich for the purpose of taking passengers to New England. The writer was opposed to this emigration, and besought the Archbishop to do something to hinder it. His reason for asking the Archbishop to interfere was, that these persons were leaving the country, being discontented with the established religion, on account of the preaching of a minister named Ward.

On Friday the Association went to Helmingham Hall and Orwell Park, the latter being Mr. Tomline's seat,—and there the practical proceedings of the Congress terminated in a substantial feast.

EDUCATION IN TURKEY.

Pera, July, 1864.

My dear—The Medressehs, or Mussulman colleges, are to be found in all the cities on a greater or less scale and more or less in number. The nature of these establishments is pretty well known. They assimilate to the colleges of the middle ages, where scholastic theology, and philosophy, and canon law were taught in a dead language, the dead language for Turkey being the Arabic; but it must be observed, that in Asia, beyond the line of Asia Minor, the Arabic is a living language, and the Turkish a foreign language.

Nevertheless the Medresseh is not more flourishing in the Arab-speaking provinces than in the Turkish-speaking provinces. Bagdad and Damascus are no longer great schools of learning; the predominance of the Turkish element is sufficient to unsettle the supremacy of Arabic learning; while in the Arabic as in the Turkish provinces the endowments of the Medressehs through the change in the value of money are no longer adequate for the maintenance of the professors or students. The student must become truly the poor scholar of the middle ages; and even in Constantinople many of the thousands of students receive their dole from the *imaret*, or public soup-kitchen, affording a bare ration.

It is in Constantinople alone that the Medressehs can be said to survive, and that is rather by the decline of the provincial Medressehs. Hence as a political consequence the diminution of power of the ecclesiastical and fanatical element and the consequent increase of power of the Kiatibs, while the thousands of mollahs and students in the metropolis, although not wanting in the disposition, can no longer exercise their turbulent hostility against reform.

The Government has honestly set itself to the reform and utilization of the Medressehs, but the spirit of conservative resistance has been too strong, and the result will ultimately be the earlier and more complete subjugation of the old ecclesiastics under circumstances created and favoured by their own obstinacy and blindness. The political power of the Ulema is now only a shadow; their stronghold in the possession of judicial appointments is assailed by the establishment of independent civil and criminal courts; their enjoyment of ecclesiastical and educational endowments is rendered onerous by the constant decline in value of nominal revenues in presence of a general establishment of European prices.

The Government has proposed that one or two professorships in each Medresseh, and a few bursarships should be appropriated for the promotion of practical knowledge, and this moderate proposition has been generally resisted. The Government is already master of the situation, for the Church lands are under the lay administration of the Evkaf Naziri, and it offers to impoverished functionaries and starving students improved incomes,

and repaired the enfranchisement. The Proprietors whose fathers when life an arbitrary power where life an In the development afford a m enlightened terms of the as it is, the of the patri seek instru the brillian The decl state is to t an evil. I ancient an angle and what it is, court-yard half tenant ness the fo the smaller *kojaks*; th constant ingly, acco Constanc of the em centralizat acquiring characteri bued with themselves system, it reformed means of only, und bigotry Osmantee may like Osmantee admits al military a quently o and som Jews, ha their resp Sultan h mans. The ap models; a artillery forests (f agricultu good com the coun state, an experien cumstan under F tion in pense, a Govern it has t at the p sists of or Paris while T departu reason because these pu these sc withdra Fund, Agiahah some in medica The ibing has been if not to tocom enorm

and repaired edifices with funds to be obtained by the enfranchisement of the cumbrous Church tenures. Great interests second the Government. Proprietors and tenants throughout the empire, whose fathers sought the sanctuary of the Church when life and property were at the peril of an arbitrary pasha, now urge, under an administration where life and property are safe, the emancipation of their lands, for which they offer high terms.

In the meanwhile the Medressehs impede the development of education, but in the end only to afford a more solid base for the propagation of enlightened teachings, for when the time comes the terms of the Government will be enhanced. Even as it is, the sons of the Ulema, the consecrated heirs of the patrimony of the Church, in many cases seek instruction in secular schools, and aspire to the brilliant honours of a civil career.

The decline of these institutions in their present state is to be looked upon as a blessing rather than an evil. In a large provincial city may be seen an ancient and picturesque building, with its quadrangle and rows of apartments around. You ask what it is, and are told it is the Medresseh. The courtyard is neglected, and the cells are only half tenanted,—so many champions of obstructiveness the fewer. As it is, they just furnish forth the smaller ecclesiastical functionaries and village *hujahs*; the more ambitious students proceed to Constantinople, to be moulded, more or less willingly, according to the precepts of "reform."

Constantinople is now the great intellectual head of the empire, and the members suffer from this centralization; but, in the meanwhile, education is acquiring more strictly national and Osmanlee characteristics, and is being more completely imbued with European principles. Until the people themselves are more fully trained in the new system, it would be utterly futile to rely on a reformed Medresseh, in a provincial capital, as a means of promoting real education, for it would only, under a change of form, promote ancient bigotry. In saying that education becomes more Osmanlee and more national in its present phase, it may likewise be stated that, while preserving Osmanlee types as those of the ruling majority, it admits all nationalities and all sects, except in the military schools. The army is recruited, and consequently officered by Mussulmans, but the surgeons and some other functionaries are Christians or Jews, having the full honours and privileges of their respective ranks. In his new noble guard the Sultan has enrolled Christians as well as Mussulmans.

The applied schools are generally on European models; they include schools of medicine, staff, artillery and engineering, navy, mines (*in embryo*), forests (*in embryo*), civil service, commerce, and agriculture. These schools are generally in a very good condition, but far too limited for the wants of the country. They are, generally, in a transition state, and are being modified by the results of experience, and to accommodate them to the circumstances of the empire. They were nearly founded under French or European teachers, giving instruction in French, and this caused very great expense, and limited the class of scholars. The Government is now turning to account the students it has trained in Constantinople or in Europe, and at the present moment the body of professors consists of Turks and Armenians, trained in London or Paris, and the instruction is given in Turkish, while Turkish manuals have been compiled in each department. The original arrangements afford one reason why the staff of the army is still so meagre, because the students were restricted to those who were proficient in French. The direct benefit of these schools has been further diminished by the withdrawal of their pupils to the civil career. Fuad, Shuael, and Edhem Pashas, Hairoullah, Aghiah, Hoossain, and Mehemed Effendi are only some instances of members withdrawn from the medical or mining service.

The Government has been reproached for diminishing its European *employés*; but, in truth, this has been a great reform. The European *employé*, if not a dissipated and unprincipled adventurer, is too commonly expensive and ineffective. He requires enormous pay, because he retains his European

habits, and has, after a term, to return home; he is occasionally ill or indisposed, is afraid of frequenting some parts of the country, is ignorant of the language and institutions of the people, and requires expensive interpreters and assistants, while all kinds of abuses go on under his nose. In case of war, however, the military staff would be largely recruited with foreign officers formerly in the Turkish service.

As each European professor or *employé* is removed, not only are four or five young natives promoted, but at least one Armenian; and as the Government is generally kind to old servants, it is seldom that a European is removed too early, but rather too late.

In the department of Public Instruction, as in so many others, Abdul Aziz is profiting by the labours and anxieties of his father and his brother; and under his reign have become indigenous many institutions which, heretofore, were only exotic. Thus the country has a great power of assimilation, and not only are there steamboat companies under native management, but such a new establishment as that of the telegraph is, with very few exceptions, in native hands.

The demands of the civil service, as of the army, are, however, far beyond the limited supply, and in the provinces, even in the sea-ports, the Government cannot detach officers conversant with European institutions. The Government makes regulations which fall still-born in the remote and thinly-peopled provinces, and hence it is sought to improve the class of district governors, and latterly of Government clerks. For the *Mudirs*, or district governors, a civil service examination has been established, which was entrusted to the guidance of H.E. Ahmed Jevdet Effendi, the historian. This examination is of a moderate but sufficient character, and is being fairly carried out. Under the old system, a governor-general might be unable to read or write a despatch, and he had no compunction in appointing illiterate dependents to be *Kaimakam*, or governor of a province, or *Mudir*, governor of a district. Sancho Panza, who had been in attendance on his master for fifteen years, was, in the fullness of time, made governor of an island. Reading and writing were minor qualifications, to be bought cheap in the market. In the hands of these people "reform" edicts were received with due respect and homage, and might be carried into effect if they were understood or not forgotten. As under the Turkish administration there is pretty well as much paper and registering, books and red-tape as at home, the inconvenience resulting from the ignorance of any chief functionary was considerable.

With the development of improvement and the literary movement in progress, superior instruction has not been forgotten. Under the late Sultan, a grand project of a University on a French model was formed, and this got as far as an enormous brick shell opposite Santa Sophia, called the Darul Funoon, or House of all the Arts. With this inchoate building and fine Arabic title, the project halted, for that was the day of great projects, and this one of small beginnings. For years the building was abandoned, except as a French hospital during the war, for the war clipped the wings of many soaring enterprises; but, within the last two years, a handful of patriotic men, Ahmed Vefick Effendi, Edhem Pasha, Dervish Pasha, and a few others, have entered its deserted walls, and, with small help, have begun a great and useful work. Here they began public courses of lectures last winter, embracing natural philosophy, mathematics, chemistry, and the philosophy of history, by some of the most distinguished men of the day.

The mere announcement that such men as Ahmed Vefick Effendi was to lecture drew great audiences, and this was one successful result of the experiment, for it was a matter of doubt with the founders whether the public could be brought to feel an interest in subjects which might be considered dry. It is a most interesting sight to attend the Darul Funoon on one of these days,—let it be when Dervish Pasha lectures on chemistry or natural philosophy. The lecture-hall, a large white-washed room, on the basement, is fitted with plain deal benches as cheaply as can be done. Before the

time of beginning, these benches are filled, not only by the students of the Government schools, but by men of all ages and all ranks. In the front rows are some ministers and elder functionaries, who have come on their way to the Porte; but above these are Turks, Arabs, Armenians and Jews sitting side by side, many of the Kiatibs in their Quaker-like frock-coats and last Parisian vests, stocks and watch-chains, and among them many of the white-turbaned Ulema.

As the clock strikes the Turkish hour the Professor comes in garbed in the undress uniform of a lieutenant-general. Immediately the whole audience rise, and salute the Professor, who returns it in the Oriental fashion. Instantly he begins. He has before him but few notes, and in off-hand, easy way, proceeds with his subject. The style is thoroughly Turkish, and except it may be Keov-veti Elekrika, not a word to remind one of Frankish technical terms, hardly of Arabic, if Turkish will suffice. Now he turns to his black board, and chalks out his diagram, or goes through some experiment prepared by his assistant Professor Hoossain Effendi with Jermyn Street readiness. The audience has been likewise at work from the very beginning, many a student, a Kiatib or a Mollah, has out a well-thumbed note-book, and is closely following the Professor. Thus the Turks have developed two good qualities,—they are good lecturers, and they are good lecture-hearers; and the present lecture-season opens with promise at the Darul Funoon, the Jemiyet Hoomiyeh Osmaniyyeh, and its opposition society.

The Turks of all classes are very good hands at making a short straightforward businesslike speech. When a man with a grievance, or it may be a woman, walks, with that freedom which is here a privilege, unannounced, into the presence of the highest functionary, he or she, conscious that the privilege must not be abused at the expense of the officer's time, immediately states the subject of application, which has been duly considered and prepared. A woman will do this with much modesty of manner. If a discussion occurs, the applicant can readily take his own part.

At the Darul Funoon has been gathered together the fine European library of the late Telfami Pasha, a good set of philosophical apparatus, a chemical laboratory, a museum of minerals, and lately, a museum of economical products formed out of objects from the late Ottoman Exhibition.

As the Darul Funoon is modest in its pretensions, and carefully managed, it will most likely thrive and prosper. The museum of arms, curiosities, and antiquities established by the late Sultan in the Seraglio, has made no progress for some time.

The Turkish scientific institution, founded by Moonif Effendi and Kadri Bey, has been housed by the Government in a disused ecclesiastical edifice near the Custom-house. It has a small library and reading-room, set of apparatus, and a lecture room; underneath is the office for printing its monthly magazine.

The other and smaller society meets alternately at the houses of its members, but it is proposed this winter to take a house. It has likewise its magazine.

The public libraries of Constantinople are other antiquated establishments now brought to the light of day. They are several in number, constituting a set of libraries of scholastic and theological literature, chiefly in Arabic, and attracting few readers. They were supposed to be rich in Greek and Oriental manuscripts, and hidden treasures would, it was expected, some day be disinterred. The compilation of a catalogue by direction of the Government, under the direction of Moonif Effendi and Kadri Bey, has disenchanted the believers in ancient legends. The Government has now in hand the printing of the catalogues and measures for concentrating the libraries, public and ecclesiastical, so as to constitute one great library. When this is done, Constantinople will become possessed of a noble and remarkable institution, but we must be content to wait for its realization.

In the meanwhile, the Library question has made progress, and so has that of the Museum. The Ottoman Exhibition materially contributed to this

latter. The Exhibition was a result of that in London, where H.E. Nazim Bey, son of the Grand Vizier, was inspired with the idea. It was well taken up at Constantinople, and carried out zealously, but as our friends the Turks and Armenians thought they knew all about it, and eschewed European aid, in the end they failed in their main object, and after achieving considerable success, did not get beyond a pretty show. The building they managed well. It was characteristic and picturesque, and the whole effect was unique, making it well worthy to take rank among the series of minor exhibitions with Dublin, Manchester, and New York. It was a very good beginning.

Their difficulties began in getting the objects. The local governors had not, in most cases, any just idea of the purposes of an exhibition. One provincial Governor-General sent up five cwt. of a common sweetmeat, and the Governor-General of the flourishing province of Smyrna announced that Smyrna produced nothing remarkable. Nevertheless, a great mass of objects were brought together illustrative of the varied products and manufactures of the empire. The classification and labelling proved an utter mess, and the names of the exhibitors were omitted. The cataloguing broke down, and a most meagre Turkish index was the product of long labour. The exhibition of English and other agricultural and general machinery in the Annex was subjected to considerable difficulties. The juries were named late, and were ill selected. Only one jury met, and that has made no report; the consequence is, no exhibitor has received a decoration, a medal, or an honorary mention. Whether the medal is in progress or not, no one knows.

Nevertheless, the Government did something to redeem the shortcomings. The Sultan paid an indemnity to the shareholders, decorated the *employés* who had worked gratuitously, held a separate exhibition of the English agricultural implements, and bought a considerable number of these implements and of cotton-gins.

The crowd of sight-seers was considerable, and the women attended well on the separate days; but it may be questioned whether, as yet, the educational influence desired has been obtained.

The education of the Christian and Jewish population is a matter apart from Turkish education. It is much to be regretted that the rayahs receive very imperfect and inferior education in Turkish, which is their chief language, and that their schools are devoted to the inculcation of languages which are neither the vernacular of the populations nor vehicles of useful knowledge. The consequence is, the rayahs are inferior in Turkish education to the Osmanlees, and wanting in qualifications for political and public offices. The Greeks of the Fanar, since the great decline in Greek power and influence in the Turkish empire, which has been the consequence of the movement for independence, are now few in number; and the whole body of students in Turkish, and good Turkish writers they made, is now so restricted that the whole could be easily registered. As so large a proportion of the Greeks speak Turkish as their national and household language, the want of school and literary instruction in that language tends still further to diminish their political influence in the empire. H. C.

A BUDGET OF PARADOXES. (No. XVII. 1846-1847.)

A new theory of the tides: in which the errors of the usual theory are demonstrated; and proof shown that the full moon is not the cause of a concomitant spring tide, but actually the cause of the neaps.... By Commr. Debenham, R.N. London, 1846, 8vo.

The author replied to a criticism in the *Athenæum*, and I remember how, in a very few words, he showed that he had read nothing on the subject. The reviewer spoke of the forces of the planets (*i. e.* the Sun and Moon) on the Ocean, on which the author remarks, "But N.B. the Sun is no planet, Mr. Critic." Had he read any of the actual investigations on the usual theory, he would have known that to this day the sun and moon continue to be called *planets*—though the phrase is disappearing—in speaking of the tides; the sense, of course, being the old one, wandering bodies.

A large class of the paradoxers, when they meet with something which taken in their sense is absurd, do not take the trouble to find out the intended meaning, but walk off with the words laden with their own first construction. Such men are hardly fit to walk the streets without an interpreter. I was startled for a moment, at the time when a recent happy—and more recently happier—marriage occupied the public thoughts, by seeing in a haberdasher's window, in staring large letters, an unpunctuated sentence which read itself to me as "Princess Alexandra! collar and cuff!" It immediately occurred to me that had I been any one of some scores out of my paradoxers, I should, no doubt, have proceeded to raise the mob against the unscrupulous person who dared to hint to a young bride such maleficent—or at least immellificent—conduct towards her new lord. But, as it was, certain material contexts in the shop window suggested a less savage explanation. A paradoxer should not stop at reading the advertisements of Newton or Laplace: he should learn to look at the stock of goods.

Two systems of astronomy: first, the Newtonian system, showing the rise and progress thereof, with a short historical account; the general theory with a variety of remarks thereon: second, the system in accordance with the Holy Scriptures, showing the rise and progress from Enoch, the seventh from Adam, the prophets, Moses, and others, in the first Testament; our Lord Jesus Christ, and his apostles, in the new or second Testament; Reeve and Muggleton, in the third and last Testament; with a variety of remarks thereon. By Isaac Frost. London, 1846, 4to.

A very handsomely printed volume, with beautiful plates. Many readers who have heard of Muggletonians have never had any distinct idea of Lodowick Muggleton, the inspired tailor, (1608-1698) who about 1650 received his commission from heaven, wrote a Testament, founded a sect, and descended to posterity. Of Reeve less is usually said; according to Mr. Frost, he and Muggleton are the two "witnesses." I shall content myself with one specimen of Mr. Frost's science.

"I was once invited to hear read over 'Guthrie on Astronomy,' and when the reading was concluded I was asked my opinion thereon: when I said, 'Doctor, it appears to me that Sir I. Newton has only given two proofs in support of his theory of the earth revolving round the sun: all the rest is assertion without any proofs.'—'What are they?' inquired the Doctor.—'Well, I said, 'they are, first, the power of attraction to keep the earth to the sun; the second is the power of repulsion, by virtue of the centrifugal motion of the earth: all the rest appears to me assertion without proof.' The Doctor considered a short time, and then said, 'It certainly did appear so.' I said, 'Sir Isaac has certainly obtained the credit of completing the system, but really he has only half done his work.'—'How is that,' inquired my friend the Doctor. My reply was this: 'You will observe his system shows the earth traverses round the sun on an inclined plane; the consequence is, there are four powers required to make his system complete:

- 1st. The power of attraction.
- 2ndly. The power of repulsion.
- 3rdly. The power of ascending the inclined plane.
- 4thly. The power of descending the inclined plane.

You will thus easily see the four powers required, and Newton has only accounted for two; the work is therefore only half done.' Upon due reflexion the Doctor said, 'It certainly was necessary to have these four points cleared up before the system could be said to be complete.'"

I have no doubt that Mr. Frost, and many others on my list, have really encountered doctors who could be puzzled by such stuff as this, or nearly as bad, among the votaries of existing systems, and have been encouraged thereby to print their objections. But justice requires me to say that from the words "power of repulsion by virtue of the centrifugal motion of the earth," Mr. Frost may be suspected of having something more like a notion of the much-mistaken term "centrifugal force" than many paradoxers of greater fame. The Muggletonian sect is not altogether friendless: over and above this handsome volume, the works of Reeve and Muggleton were printed in 1832, in three quarto volumes. See *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, v. 80; 3rd Series, iii. 303.

Astronomical Aphorisms, or Theory of Nature; founded on the immutable basis of Meteoric Action. By P. Murphy, Esq. London, 1847, 12mo.

This is by the framer of the Weather Almanac, who appeals to that work as corroborative of his theory of planetary temperature, years after all the world knew by experience that this meteorological theory was just as good as the others.

The conspiracy of the Bullionists as it affects the present system of the money laws. By Caleb Quotem. Birmingham, 1847, 8vo. (pp. 16).

This pamphlet is one of a class of which I know very little, in which the effects of the laws relating to this or that political bone of contention are imputed to deliberate conspiracy of one class to rob another of what the one knew ought to belong to the other. The success of such writers in believing what they have a bias to believe, would, if they knew themselves, make them think it equally likely that the inculcated classes might really believe what it is *their* interest to believe. The idea of a *guilty* understanding existing among fundholders, or landholders, or any holders, all the country over, and never detected except by bouncing pamphleteers, is a theory which should have been left for Cobbett to propose, and for Apella to believe.

The Reasoner. No. 45. Edited by G. J. Holyoake. Price 2d. Is there sufficient proof of the existence of God? 8vo. 1847.

This acorn of the holy oak was forwarded to me with a manuscript note, signed by the editor, on the part of the "London Society of Theological Utilitarians," who say "they trust you may be induced to give this momentous subject your consideration." The supposition that a middle-aged person, known as a student of thought on more subjects than one, had that particular subject yet to begin, is a specimen of what I will call the *assumption-trick* of controversy, a habit which pervades all sides of all subjects. The tract is a proof of the good policy of letting opinions find their level, without any assistance from the Court of Queen's Bench. Twenty years earlier the thesis would have been positive, "There is sufficient proof of the non-existence of God," and bitter in its tone. As it stands, we have a moderate and respectful treatment—wrong only in making the opponent argue absurdly, as usually happens when one side invents the other—of a question in which a great many Christians have agreed with the atheist: that question being—Can the existence of God be proved independently of revelation? Many very religious persons answer this question in the negative, as well as Mr. Holyoake. And, this point being settled, all who agree in the negative separate into those who can endure scepticism, and those who cannot: the second class find their way to Christianity. This very number of 'The Reasoner' announces the secession of one of its correspondents, and his adoption of the Christian faith. This would not have happened twenty years before: nor, had it happened, would it have been respectfully announced.

The booby notion that the non-existence of God can be *proved*, has died out under the light of discussion: had the only lights allowed shone from the pulpit and the prison, so great a step would never have been made. The question now is as above. The dictum that Christianity is "part and parcel of the law of the land" is also abrogated: at the same time, and the coincidence is not an accident, it is becoming somewhat nearer the truth that the law of the land is part and parcel of Christianity. It must also be noticed that *Christianity* was part and parcel of the articles of *war*; and so was *duelling*. Any officer speaking against religion was to be cashiered; and any officer receiving an affront without, in the last resort, attempting to kill his opponent, was also to be cashiered. Though somewhat of a book-hunter, I have never been able to ascertain the date of the collected remonstrances of the prelates in the House of Lords against this overt inculcation of murder, under the soft name of *satisfaction*: it is neither in Watt, nor in Lowndes, nor in any edition of Brunet; and there is no copy in the catalogue of the British Museum. Was the collected edition really published?

With the general run of the philosophical atheists of the last century the notion of a God was an hypothesis. There was left an admitted possibility that the vague somewhat which went by more names than one, might be personal, intelligent, and superintending. In the works of Laplace, who is sometimes called an atheist from his writings, there is nothing from which such an inference can be drawn; unless indeed a reverend fellow of the Royal Society may be held to be the fool who said in his heart, &c. &c., if his contributions to the *Phi-*

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cosmological Transactions go no higher than nature. The following anecdote is well known in Paris, but has never been printed entire. Laplace once went in form to present some edition of his 'Système du Monde' to the First Consul, or Emperor Napoleon, whom some wags had told that this book contained no mention of the name of God, and who was fond of putting embarrassing questions, received it with—"M. Laplace, they tell me you have written this large book on the system of the universe, and have never even mentioned its Creator." Laplace, who, though the most supple of politicians, was as stiff as a martyr on every point of his philosophy or religion (*ex.gr.* even under Charles the Tenth he never concealed his dislike of the priests), drew himself up, and answered bluntly, "Je n'avais pas besoin de cette hypothèse là." Napoleon, greatly amused, told this reply to Lagrange, who exclaimed, "Ah! c'est une belle hypothèse; ça explique beaucoup de choses."

An examination of the Astronomical doctrine of the Moon's rotation. By G. L. Edinburgh, 1847, 8vo. A systematic attack of the character afterwards made with less skill and more notice by Mr. Jellinger Symons.

Miracles versus Nature : being an application of certain propositions in the theory of chances to the Christian miracles. By T. M. Cambridge, 1847, 8vo. The theory, as may be supposed, is carried further than most students of the subject would hold defensible.

An astronomical Lecture. By the Rev. R. Wilson. Greenock, 1847, 12mo.

Against the moon's rotation on her axis. [Handed about in the streets in 1847: I quote the whole:] Important discovery in astronomy, communicated to the Astronomer Royal December 21st, 1846. That the Sun revolve round the Planets in 25748 years, in consequence of the combined attraction of the planets and their satellites, and that the Earth revolve round the Moon in 18 years and 223 days. D. T. GLAZIER (altered with a pen into GLAZIUS). Price one penny.

1847. In the *United Service Magazine* for September, 1847, Mrs. Borron, of Shrewsbury, published some remarks tending to impeach the fact that Neptune, the planet found by Galle, really was the planet which Leverrier and Adams had a right to claim. This was followed (September 14) by two pages, separately circulated, of 'Further Observations upon the Planets Neptune and Uranus, with a Theory of Perturbations'; and (October 19, 1848) by three pages of 'A Review of M. Leverrier's Exposition.' Several persons, when the remarkable discovery was made, contended that the planet actually discovered was an intruder; and the future histories of the discovery must contain some account of this little after-piece. Tim Linkinwater's theory that there is no place like London for coincidences, would have been utterly overthrown in favour of what they used to call the celestial spaces, if there had been a planet which by chance was put near the place assigned to Neptune at the time when the discovery was made.

A. DE MORGAN.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

IN accordance with the Queen's desire, arrangements have been made for throwing open the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens free of charge to all comers on the 26th of August, the late Prince Consort's birthday. No tickets will be issued. The public will only need to walk in and enjoy themselves. The conservatory, orchard houses, the arcades, and the maze, will all be opened. The cascades and Minton's fountain will play. The visitors will join in singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, a Hymn composed by the Prince Consort, and 'God Save the Queen.'

Mr. W. S. Austin is delivering a brief course of lectures on America at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Austin has travelled in the United States and enjoys the friendship of many of their eminent men. The second lecture will be delivered on Thursday next.

Mr. Collier's third reprint of Old English Literature is the very scarce morality, 'A Merye Entlerude entitled Republica.' The date is the first year of Queen Mary's reign; the characters are Avarice, Policy, Oppression, and many more

types; and the whole performance is a satirical onslaught on the principles of the Reformation. It offers some hints as to the state of society, the usages of the stage, and even as to changes in the coinage. Mr. Collier's copy is from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Hudson Gurney.

An answer to the query of the Archaeological Institute, a little late for their Warwick purpose, will be found, together with some further bits of information, in the following note from a sure hand:—

"August-17, 1864.

"I suppose it is because what is everybody's business is nobody's business that you appear to have received no answer to the question proposed in the 'Gossip' of No. 1917, 'Can any of our readers inform the Committee of the Archaeological Institute of the present whereabouts of the MS. of Scott's romance of 'Kenilworth'?' The MS. is in the British Museum, and has been for some years exhibited to the public in the show-cases of the Manuscript Room, along with the original manuscript of Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' and some other choice curiosities of the same kind.—There are some odd mistakes in the letter of M. Carl Engel on the 'Musical Library of the British Museum.' The writer talks of not finding in the catalogue of the music at the Museum Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' the works of Handel, &c. He should look again; it is merely a case of oversight. It was scarcely likely that a collection which comprises the musical libraries of Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney, the two historians of music, should lack the works of Handel. Again he tells us: 'The student must be prepared for disappointment should he have to consult any of our standard scientific works on music. To note only one instance: Mattheson, the well-known contemporary and friend of Handel, has written, it is said, a greater number of works relating to the theory and history of music than the number of years he lived, and he died at the venerable age of eighty-three. There are, according to the musical catalogue, only four of his books in the British Museum,' &c. It is said in Fétis's 'Biography of Musicians' that Mattheson left behind him in manuscript seventy-six works on music (I have not the book by me, but am pretty confident this is the number), but that *unluckily they have not been printed*, which seems a sufficient reason for the Museum not having them. He published in his lifetime some twenty or thirty books or pamphlets, many of which it is evident by their titles are anything but 'standard scientific works on music.' Yours, &c.,

"A FRIEND OF CORRECTNESS."

The London Stereoscopic Company have published two studies of Lord Palmerston, in small size for albums. The portraits are true to the life, which we are sorry to see is beginning to look a very aged life.

We have on our table a sun-copy of a drawing, by Capt. J. N. Anderson, of the sinking of the Alabama by the Kearsarge off Cherbourg, with the yacht Deerhound picking up the crew. It is a spirited little drawing, "from the best authorities," we are told, though we do not know what is meant by such a guarantee of good faith. For ourselves, we should have doubted whether the Kearsarge really presented the appearance here given to her in action.

Richard Evans, once a bookseller in the Row, died at St. Helens, in Lancashire, on Saturday last, August 13, at the age of eighty-six. A friend of ours, who knew the old gentleman, gives us the following particulars:—"Mr. Evans was formerly in 'the Row,' and succeeded sufficiently by bookselling to induce him to retire from business; subsequently he and his sons became colliery owners, and last year, when I dined with the old gentleman, who could tell his story and cut his joke pleasantly, and who seemed absorbed in the book he read, the firm owned some twenty-five locomotives, waggons by the hundreds, pits by the dozen, houses, farms, schools and buildings as though they were princes. They paid in rent to Sir R. Gerard 5,000*l.* a year, and to Mr. W. J. Legh 4,000*l.* a year; their machine shop for repairs was large enough to

embarrass many a machine-maker. I was fairly bewildered with the magnitude of everything around me. The old man died much respected, and one of his last acts was to make provision to build a handsome Independent chapel at Haydock. Fortunes are made in the Row, but not always to such an extent as in this instance."

At his residence in York Road, Brighton, on the 27th of July, died a man who has left his mark upon the history of geological speculation, Augustus De Bergh was born at Hamburg, and reached the age of eighty-six, adding another to the many previous proofs of the beneficial influence of intellectual pursuits in prolonging life. He was the son of an author by profession. When he was but six or seven years old, his father falling ill from overwork precariously paid, young De Bergh was sent to sea, a friendly skipper offering to take him a trial voyage, and, if he was made of the right stuff, bind him as an apprentice, without a premium. Eighty years ago, the ordeal of a sailor-boy on his first voyage was a very severe one, but De Bergh stood it so well as to win the friendship of his rough but kind captain. Carefully taught astronomy and navigation by his father, and the art of handling a ship by his master, the boy soon became a superior seaman. He obtained the command of a ship when but a lad, and prudently saving his earnings, he had a ship of his own while still a young man. He worked hard, saved hard, and studied hard. In the house of a wealthy merchant at Christiania, in Norway, he formed a friendship with a man who enriched a mind already ennobled by astronomy, with the problems of geology. This man was Von Buch. Leopold Von Buch and Augustus De Bergh met in 1806, and in the following year Von Buch established and published the startling observation, "that the whole country from Fredericksshall in Norway, and perhaps as far as St. Petersburg, was slowly and insensibly rising." The friends repeatedly voyaged and travelled together, discoursing on decks and coasts of astronomical and geological questions. Out of these colloquies grew, in the mind of De Bergh, a theory of the connexion between the sciences of stars and strata, entitled, 'A Theory, or Considerations on the Motion of the Major Axis, or Revolution and Change of the Line of Apices of the Earth's Orbit; its Causes, and the Effects produced in its Orbital Revolutions through the Ecliptic, from one Hemisphere to the other, involving a certain Number of Years.' All the calculations in support of this theory were made relatively to the year 1830. A geological friend of the author published an account of his theory a few years later. Living a very quiet and retired life latterly, at Brighton, collecting and arranging a valuable private museum, Capt. De Bergh contented himself with explaining his views and lending his MSS. to his friends. Six or seven years since Mr. De Bergh himself published his 'Essay on the Causes of Periodic Inundations.' Soon after, or almost simultaneously, the theory taught for so many years previously by Mr. De Bergh was published under a French form in M. Alphonse Joseph Althémar's 'Révolution de la Mer,' a form in which the theory obtained considerable notice. When apprised of this circumstance, the sailor smiled and said,—"All my friends know that I have talked to them of my theory, and shown them my calculations many times during the last thirty or forty years."

The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education desire to obtain for the South Kensington Museum a design for a stained-glass window, having a northern light, with a semicircular head, and of the following dimensions, viz., 18 feet 9 inches high to crown of arch, by 11 feet wide. The subject to be furnished by the 38th chapter of Ecclesiasticus, verse 24 to the end of the chapter. The competition is open to artists of all nations. A sum of 40*l.* will be awarded for the design which appears to be most suitable, and a sum of 20*l.* for the next best design.

In reference to a query in our last, Mr. Dowling writes:—

"August 16, 1864.

"Adverting to your notice of my 'Metric

Tables, in the impression of your learned journal for the 6th inst., I beg to say that M. Auguste Barny, Vérificateur-en-Chef des Poids et Mesures, in his work entitled 'Traité Historique des Poids et Mesures,' distinctly states that Jean Fernel occupied himself earnestly in trying to establish in Europe a uniformity of weights and measures based upon a portion of the earth's surface. M. Barny gives a history of Fernel's intentions and reasons, the latter being to the effect that his medical prescriptions were differently compounded in every town in Europe. He attempted to create a system of weights and measures not derived from any then existing standard but from a portion of the earth's surface. I am aware that he says nothing of this reform in his 'Cosmotheoria,' nor did I say that he does. There is nothing in the 'Metric Tables' to lead to the supposition that I imagine every measurement of a degree was undertaken with a view of founding a unit on the measurement of a portion of the earth's surface. On the contrary, I mentioned that Picard and Huyghens, who measured part of a degree, were engaged in founding a system of measures based on the length of the seconds pendulum at Paris.

Yours, &c., C. H. DOWLING.

—Our examination having been made upon the works of Fernel himself, we decline to accept the authority of M. Barny. We asked for reference to Fernel himself, and this we presume M. Barny does not give, from Mr. Dowling not producing any. We rest satisfied, until contradicted out of Fernel himself, that he did not even propose to found a system of measures upon measurement of the earth's surface.

Nuremberg promises a monument to Stonewall Jackson. The way in which Nuremberg has come to promise it is rather curious. A young man from Nuremberg, named Volk, emigrated to America as journeyman cooper. After arriving there his early passion for Art grew stronger; he made sketches for illustrated papers, and gradually became a self-taught artist. The war found him at Baltimore, whence he wandered south, and was engaged as a draughtsman on the staff of one of the Southern generals. He had made a bust of Stonewall Jackson from a mask which he took from the dead face; and when the monument was put up to competition by the Southern Government the young German artist won the prize. But even then he had to find means for executing his work, and for this he ran a ship laden with cotton through the blockade and brought it to Europe, where the sale of the cotton gave him the funds required. He is now at work on the monument, which represents the General on horseback, a fine Arabian steed from Stuttgart serving as a model for the horse; Jackson's left hand holding the reins, his right resting calmly on his hip, and his whole bearing characterized by native boldness and energy.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery, with a Collection of PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six; and will CLOSE on SATURDAY, August 27.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURES.—'London Bridge on the Night of the Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales,' and 'The Afterglow in Egypt,' together with Robert B. Martineau's 'The Last Day in the Old Home,' are NOW ON VIEW at 'The New Gallery,' 16, Hanover Street, Regent Street, from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.

SCIENCE

British and Garden Botany: consisting of Descriptions of the Flowering Plants, Ferns, and Trees indigenous to Great Britain, with Notices of all Plants commonly cultivated in this Country for Use and Ornament, preceded by an Introduction to Structural and Physiological Botany. By Leo H. Grindon. With numerous Illustrations. (Routledge & Co.)—Elementary books on Botany are published so frequently, and noteworthy ones so seldom, that it was with some agreeable surprise we opened the pages of this work in July, so soon after receiving the 'Lessons' of Profs. Henslow and Oliver in May. Mr. Leo Grindon, the author of 'The Manchester Flora,' is a lecturer on Botany, with twenty years' experience in the art of teaching it. This experience has enabled him, he thinks, to

select the kind of information most suitable for beginners, and upon the whole to express the very highest approval of his own book. On the very first page of his Preface, Mr. Leo Grindon boasts as follows:—"The author ventures to say that no work has ever been published in which the 'natural orders' have been described in a way equally intelligible, or in which the idea and compass of the natural system have been exhibited so fully for practical purposes." After reading these and similar advertisements by this lecturer, we remembered that we had read very similar professions, and seen a Key closely resembling Mr. Leo Grindon's before. On re-opening the pages of 'The Manual of British Botany,' which we owe to Mr. George Bentham, we found identical criticisms on his predecessors, identical claims of superiority, and a nearly identical Key. In several things, however, the elder and more distinguished differs from the younger and less known botanist. Mr. George Bentham expresses himself more modestly than Mr. Leo Grindon. He does not ignore his predecessor, introducing himself as a follower and imitator of Lamarck, whilst, in all the eight hundred and sixty-nine pages of his volume, we have not seen one in which Mr. Grindon acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Bentham. There is, moreover, a merit in regard to which not only is Mr. Grindon inferior to Mr. Bentham, but in which Mr. Bentham has no superior as far as we know,—the simplicity, clearness, and crispness of his definitions. Mr. Leo Grindon says, truly, there are plenty of books professing the same objects as his, but they are, "with scarcely an exception, ladders deficient in the lower steps." These steps he has endeavoured, he says, to supply; and, however praiseworthy his endeavours, we cannot congratulate him on complete success. Several of the lower steps have been better supplied by Lindley, Bentham, Balfour, Oliver, and especially for readers of French by Achille Richard and Adrien de Jussieu. All these defects and other faults notwithstanding, this book is really one, like the Lessons of Henslow and Oliver, with the help of which a beginner may learn Botany.

An Elementary Text-Book of the Microscope. By J. W. Griffith, M.D. (Van Voorst).—One indication of the increased use of the microscope is the number of manuals published for the use of beginners. We are sometimes astonished when we think of the multitudes of these books that are sold, and reflect that in every case a microscope has been purchased, that the results of microscopic research are not more evident amongst us. We question whether any people of the world have made so many improvements in the microscope, or who use it so extensively as the English, and yet in the results of observation we cannot compare for a moment with the Germans, and are hardly on a par with the French. The great discoveries of modern times, the observations that have advanced the science of our day, and given a new impetus to our physiology and a deeper significance to all inquiries concerning the laws of form in the animal and vegetable kingdom, if we except the discoveries of Robert Brown, have been mainly German. Denmark, Norway, Sweden and even Russia have contributed microscopic observations of more value than those which have been made in the land which, of all others, may claim to be the birthplace of the microscope itself. To foreign eyes, this halting in the path of progress by the countrymen of Brown and Lister is almost inexplicable. It may, however, we think, be explained by two circumstances. The first is, the tendency of our scientific men to seek for fields of exertion in which their labours will be paid by returns that will enable them and their families to live. Chemistry with its applications to manufacturing industry, and physics in their relation to great engineering works, offer splendid payments for scientific labour. But what is there for microscopic research? In the next place our national Universities do not encourage those branches of natural science in which the microscope is of use. The true student of classics or mathematics may expect his reward at our Universities quite independent of the practical value of his studies, but who would appreciate the microscopic observer

at either Cambridge or Oxford? The University which would bestow the highest honours on the man who should understand the mathematical laws which regulate the power of the microscope has no reward for the man who should make the most brilliant discoveries by its aid. If the finest and the highest minds are drawn to the Universities, then their discouragement of natural science will account for the little progress we make in discovery with this instrument as compared with other countries where the import and value of the natural sciences are better understood. In the mean time it is probable that the great bulk of the people are better prepared to appreciate discoveries made with the microscope than any other. From their wealth and leisure, the microscope has become a domestic instrument, and the demand for good elementary text-books is a healthy sign. Amongst the various introductions Dr. Griffith's book must take a lead. It contains twelve plates embracing above two hundred figures most carefully and accurately drawn. The letter-press may be said to consist of descriptions of the figures given in the plates. These are full and accurate, and much in advance of many of the smaller manuals for the microscope. In fact Dr. Griffith's work is not only adapted for those who are beginning to work the microscope, but will be found of advantage as a book of reference to all who are working at any particular microscopical subject.

The Weather Guide-Book, a Concise Exposition of Astronomic-Meteorology. By A. T. Pearce. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—This is a book on weather astrology, setting forth, for example, how Mercury in conjunction brings gales of wind; but admitting that it wants confirmation that Mercury, when retrograde, brings more rain than when direct. We shall be very willing to admit all this when it is proved. Books like the present will never prove it. The only way is to publish an almanac in which, for each day, week, or month, according to the power of the theory, the probable weather shall be shown. A penny almanac—and this price would be enough, if the stamps, bankers, and other non-meteorological phenomena were omitted—would have a wide circulation, and would settle the point. Murphy tried an almanac, and the world soon decided upon his system. There is much disposition towards weather speculation, and any system which is really put before the public eye in the shape of actual prophecy would meet with more than fair play. But the almanac must be very cheap.

Notes on Numbers, Weights and Measures, and the Metrical System. By "Decimal Point." (Wilson).—The notes on numbers need no remark. The remarks on weights and measures are more to the point. The republication of the author's letters in the *Times*, and of those of Sir John Herschel, are the things of most interest. The author is no great admirer of the metrical system for English use, though he is attached to decimals. And "any method of dealing with the currency, except from the pound downwards, will certainly be found impracticable." In all which we agree. The permission to use the metrical system will, we doubt not, revive the coinage question.

Essays on the Analogies of Languages. Second Essay. *The International Alphabet, or a Plan for Phonetic Spelling.* By Tito Pagliardini. (Pitman).—There is an excellent Scotch proverb which says that those who pluck at a gown of gold will get a sleeve of it. The metricalists have just illustrated this; they went in for enforcement, and they obtained as much as permission. Mr. Pagliardini plucks at a very heavy gown. He foresees the day of an international congress, elected by the peoples. In this congress members must either speak one language, or speak each his own language so as to be understood by all the rest. "Now, all the languages of Europe merely being dialectic modifications of one and the same, this difficulty will be all but removed, provided schools give up the defective and pedantic methods in which tuition still drags its slow length along." A phonetic spelling seems to be the first step to this blessed state of things, in which a Norwegian and a Spaniard will understand each other's talk by study of dialectic affinities. Mr. Pitman is justly praised

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for his liberality in lending his type and his name as publisher to a system which in some degree clashes with his own. But perhaps he sees that this tremendous aspiration will sink his own little attempt to phoneticize our English into practical commonplace, such as may be considered without dread. Assuredly some such sort of effect will be produced in the minds of those who have hitherto recoiled from the phonetics of Pitman and Ellis, when they see the pretension of Pagliardini. As for ourselves, we do not see the approach of the international congress; and we doubt if such a thing could get through a session without a general war. We do not believe that Italians and Germans could converse after study of dialectic affinities in a new spelling, or old either. And we think that we need not attempt international phonetics until we have introduced the system into our own language. But we have no objection to a permissive Bill, allowing all who choose to attempt foreign languages as dialects connected with our own.

The Elements of Logic. By T. Shedden, M.A. (Longman & Co.)—This is a book by a Cambridge man. It professes to combine the views of modern writers of the international congress; and we were very much disaffected with this so-called combination: there seemed to be mechanical mixture without combination. We were strongly reminded of the celebrated article on Chinese metaphysics which was written after reading the articles "China" and "Metaphysics" in the *Cyclopædia*. This kind of "combined information" is a thing to which our most recent second-class books of logic have a tendency; and we had some disposition to take the treatise before us for the text of a sermon on that matter. But on closer examination, we think it desirable to wait until we have something of a better kind to bring forward. The work before us is that of a writer who wants more thought and better digestion: our duty to our readers obliges us to say this in plain terms. We shall give one instance. "Truth," says the author, "is frequently classed as *moral* and *logical*, the *verax* and the *verum*; the former when a proposition or a syllogism agrees with the judgment of the mind, the latter when it agrees with facts." So that when a proposition false in fact is judged true, there should be logical falsehood and moral truth. Is this classification "frequent"? We never heard it before. The author goes on thus: "But we shall here consider a syllogism as true *logically* or *objectively*; the former when, if the premises are true, the conclusion is true, and the latter when the conclusion is in agreement with fact." Let us then take the following syllogism. Napoleon did not dislike coffee; all who do not dislike coffee die in the island of St. Helena; therefore Napoleon (if dead) died at St. Helena. This syllogism is logically true; for if the premises be true the conclusion is true. It is objectively true, for "the conclusion is in agreement with fact." We do not suppose the author said exactly what he meant: but the power of expressing meaning with severe accuracy is most essential to a writer on logic. The want of it gives occasion to the enemy to blaspheme: and there are no blasphemers more ready to take occasion than the enemies of logic. We might amply reinforce what we have said, if it were worth while. The work is dedicated, by permission, to the acute author of the 'Outlines of the Laws of Thought.'

FINE ARTS

PICTURES IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ANY one who watched the progress of the national pictures in the Houses of Parliament, and is acquainted with the prices guaranteed to the artists when they began to labour, might, if he took into consideration the increase in the value of works of art which has taken place of late, be certain that the question of enhancing the remuneration of the painters must sooner or later be taken in hand. It has been felt for several years that the price given to Mr. Maclise for the great picture of the 'Interview between Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo' was

wholly unworthy of the almost entire sacrifice of his time for which its execution called. Other painters had hesitated to sacrifice so much to the tasks committed to them; Mr. Herbert, for example, has exhibited not fewer nor less important pictures during the fifteen years which have elapsed since he began to study in the Peers' Robing Room than he had, in any equal period, placed before the public. He has produced a single picture in fifteen years, and one which does not contain more than one-fourth, or, at the utmost, one-third of the quantity of work to be found in the first of Mr. Maclise's pictures—that just named; while, so great has been Mr. Maclise's diligence and so entire his sacrifice of time to the end of leaving a monument of his power in Art on the walls of the Palace of the Nation, that he has nearly completed a second picture, identical in size and containing quite as much of the fruits of study as its already completed companion. Mr. Maclise has therefore executed, in half the time, nearly four times as much work as Mr. Herbert.

Nor is this all Mr. Maclise has done. Although not more than seven and a half years have passed since these gigantic tasks were begun, and six months more will probably see both completed, part of the past period was occupied in making a visit of inspection and study to Berlin, in order, as suggested by the Prince Consort, to ascertain if the stereochrome, or water-glass, process was really so adaptable to the end in view as it was reported to be. Ere this visit was made, however, Mr. Maclise had produced for use—according to the practice and necessity of fresco-painting—a magnificent cartoon or chalk drawing, as large as the picture, and had actually executed a considerable, probably a fifth, part of the work in question (that above named), in fresco. As the painter's report, which was presented by desire of Her Majesty to the Houses of Parliament in 1857, testifies, Mr. Maclise was not only satisfied with the stereochrome process as employed at Berlin, but he was the first to practise the same in this country; and he it was who imparted the results of that inquiry and technical experience to his fellow artistic labourers in the Houses of Parliament. Several of those artists adopted the new process, and to that end Mr. Herbert sacrificed a portion of the now completed picture, which was primarily executed in fresco. The part so sacrificed was not considerable.

It is necessary to say this, because some unthinking friends of Mr. Herbert have claimed for him the credit, such as it is, of being the first to employ the water-glass medium at Westminster. Of course, Mr. Herbert, for himself, would be the last person to put forward claims of this sort, which can be so readily negated as by inspection of a Blue Book dating not longer ago than 1857. Mr. Herbert's real merit of having produced a highly effective, if not a nobly inventive or profoundly pathetic work of art, one having popular attractions second to none in this country, is great enough without our attempting to enhance it by borrowing on his behalf that which is due to Mr. Maclise. We have, especially when examining the works in question, by both these artists, already expressed our convictions as to their respective values, and now, on renewed inspection, do not hesitate to repeat those opinions. Mr. Maclise has painted one of the most admirable, if not the most admirable, works of the age in the "Waterloo" subject; his fame may well rest upon this painting alone.

Having insufficiently paid an artist, while we received the benefit of his whole time, obtained the prime of his genius and the fruit of his best experience in a noble pair of pictures, we allow one of the two works to be muffled up and do our best to disturb him in completing the other. Doubtless these slights to the painter are but the results of thoughtlessness on the part of the higher officials, who must know better than their acts would lead us to suppose; or they are offered through the ignorance of inferior persons who have been intrusted with the mere execution of the matter of placing the architectural designs referred to before the world. No want of room can have led to the occurrences in question, because not only is Westminster Hall in the same locale with the Royal

Gallery and has been ere now used for purposes of exhibition, but we have a splendid gallery in the South Kensington Museum, recently erected for the very purpose of exhibiting drawings, and perfectly suited to the end in view. We have thus far done our duty in presenting this matter to the official mind in its real aspect, and trust that if Mr. Maclise deserves, on account of the pictures in the Royal Gallery, not more than half of the honour paid to him in the Commissioners' Report, now lying before us, such treatment as he has received will not be repeated.

Having thus treated our great painters, it is characteristic of Englishmen to begin amends by paying them a higher price than we bargained to give. We are glad, at any rate, to find that the Commissioners suggest that Mr. Maclise should be remunerated with the sum of 10,000*l.* for the two pictures in the Royal Gallery, instead of 7,000*l.* primarily appropriated for the works.

As this matter has been brought into notice by the exertions of Mr. Herbert's friends, no one will regret to learn that it is proposed to pay that artist for his single picture an equal sum with that offered to Mr. Maclise for one of those produced by him, *i.e.* 5,000*l.* On other grounds we should object to this suggestion of equality, and we are certain that a commission composed wholly, or mainly, of painters, would differ in this respect from that which has reported, and which comprised one painter only. The Commissioners suggest, as is reasonable, the preparation of a new contract with the painters, if their work is to be continued. We presume none of the painters would desire to renew the now time-lapsed old one, and should not feel surprised if more than one of them, when released from the implied contract to labour for the nation, do not decline to do so any more.

It is not to Mr. Maclise's honour that any discussion should be entered into which presumes equality of merit and value in the works he has produced, with those of any other painter; posterity will decide the share of honour due to every man now amongst us. We submit, however, that there is a way in which the diligence and genuine self-sacrifice of Mr. Maclise may be recognized by the nation, and that way is one which may be profitable as well as honourable to the country. Let the noble cartoon made for the "Wellington" picture be purchased at such a price as experts shall declare to be right, with special consideration of the circumstances. It is a splendid example of high Art, nobly and most learnedly drawn, a merit much in need of recognition nowadays, and altogether, where equality is possible, equally precious with the picture itself. It will be worth more to the nation which is possessed of the completed painting, than to any other purchaser, while few private owners could hang so large a work. So highly have artists thought of this cartoon, that when it was exhibited on completion, some of the most distinguished among them presented a gold porte-crayon to Mr. Maclise, in testimony of their admiration for its noble and rare qualities.

With regard to Mr. Dyce's unfinished series of frescoes, no one will question the propriety of allowing the matter of remuneration to abide as the painter's death left it. As to the proposition to add to the payments to Messrs. Cope and E. M. Ward, a sum of 100*l.* for each of their eight completed or to be completed works, no one will begrudge the money, or doubt the propriety of so appropriating it. The Commissioners thus reporting are Lords Taunton and Overstone, Sir C. Eastlake, and Messrs. Layard and Holford.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Messrs. Cundall & Downes, of New Bond Street, have republished the photographic copies of Raphael's Cartoons, from negatives taken by Mr. Thurston Thompson for the Department of Science and Art. It was a good service to Art to produce these works in photography, and to have done so in an admirable manner was an achievement upon which Mr. T. Thompson may rest his reputation. Photographic copies have, notwithstanding obvious shortcomings in the reproduction of colour, great advantages over ordinary engravings, and, in some

respects, far exceed, in artistic value, even the possibilities of engraving of the most costly sort. With the reservation as to colour kept in view, we find the actual drawing, expressions, style, and even the tone of the originals reproduced in the works in question. As to the last-named quality, for example, we know no engraving which renders the effect of the lighted sea and the solid-looking figures in 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes' so finely as the photograph; none gives so truly the effect of 'Paul at Athens' as it appears in the copy before us; the lighting of 'The Death of Ananias' is produced to a greater result than in any print. The drawing reproduced is, of course, that of the originals; and it is interesting to observe how here and there appear parts that are evidently untouched, while others show the handiwork of the "restorer." The actual state of the works, the effect of time's blemishes, and of the accidents of removal, appear distinct in these copies. In the 'Miraculous Draught,' one can trace where the early Italian practice of landscape-painting displays itself in the lovely background of lake and hills, being totally distinct from the execution of the figures; these portions were evidently wrought by different pupils. We do not hesitate to say that, when the originals are not accessible, from photographs alone can the real power and obvious, but often intentional, shortcomings of the cartoons be studied to advantage. An engraving, however estimable as a distinct work of Art, translates, in one tone and by one man's rendering, the characteristics of all these works. As regards cost, of course no comparison exists between that of prints and photographs; a whole set of the latter is obtainable for far less than a single decent impression from an engraving of one cartoon. We commend this publication to all who wish to study Raphael.

Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Faulkner have undertaken to paint and decorate the roof of the chapel of Christ Church College, Brecon, the whole of which college has recently been reconstructed, with admirable success, by Messrs. Pritchard & Seddon. The roof in question is of the barrel form, panelled, with ribs and bosses, and the effect of the colours applied to it will be extremely rich. Messrs. Clayton & Bell have, at the suggestion of Mr. Seddon, executed an immense window in stained glass, for the east end of the chapel; this contains, on a white silvery ground, a picture of the Crucifixion, with a full-length figure of St. John and the Virgin on either side. The figures, being powerful in colour and set on a low-toned ground, have that effect which is so valuable in ancient glass when the same means were employed, of which an example may be seen in the South Kensington Museum in the fine window once belonging to Winchester College, dating from early in the fifteenth century, and representing St. John the Evangelist, Solomon, and St. James the Great, under canopies. The reredos of this chapel has been executed with tiles by Mr. Godwin, of Luggwardine, near Hereford, who has been fortunate in imitating ancient works of the kind: these tiles are encaustic; some of them bear subjects from the Apocalypse, designed by Mr. Seddon, and the reredos has a good effect from the colouring they display. The tints employed are red, buff and green; the subject-bearing tiles, which are unglazed, are placed alternately with those which are plain and glazed.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS. INSTRUMENTAL.

The instrumental music which has accumulated during the season is only a little more valuable than the English songs dealt with in a former article. No publication having any ambition or extent of form presents itself. "Songs without Words," "Notturmi," "Sketches," "Impromptus," trifles whose only fancy lies in their titles, transcripts of opera airs and national tunes make up, at best, a poor story; and one which contrasts us disadvantageously with those whom our solemn folk are too apt to deride as but frivolous musicians,—the French. Dr. Bennett, we are sorry, produces with

a chariness reminding us of the well-known alce that flowers once in a century. Some fifteen years have passed since his elegant *Duett Sonata*, with violoncello, was put forth. We have since had little or nothing of the kind from native sources; nothing (to offer an example) to measure against the well-made, effective and attainable chamber music of M. Adolph Blanc; and he is but one of a company whose *trios*, *sonatas*, and compositions for stringed instruments are to be found in the publishing houses of Paris. This is, probably, referable to the imitative state of transition, through which our rising and working generation is passing, and which (as has been shown), for the hour, tinctures largely our vocal compositions. Till some one shall appear who will forget Mendelssohn, and not hanker to be Schumann, we can hardly regret that we are driven to rely exclusively on our foreign friends for such small variety as exists. It would be grievous to think that, betwixt too blind and mechanical, howbeit honest, admiration of one or two men, and too ready an imitation by the impudent and half-instructed of the mystical crudities of folk who have no real invention or poetry in composition, all chance of our seeing something vivid and original in "high composition" should perish.

The most valuable of the new music to be noticed is, Book I. of the *Second Set of Twelve Studies for the Pianoforte*, by H. C. Deacon (Chappell & Co.). Five out of the half-dozen Studies here collected are studies for *bravura*, not expression; but they as honestly deserve their title as any that we have looked at for a long time. The fingers of those who can master them cannot fail to be better for the struggle. Then Mr. Deacon has not fallen into the error, into which other writers of excellent studies (to name one, Herr Henselt) have fallen,—of perpetually demanding hands of the widest span, fingers preternatural in their length. The chords in No. 3 (which, to make the matter worse, is marked *Legato assai*) will be impossible to short hands; since, if the notes can be convulsively snatched at, they cannot be held. Yet they are required to sustain a *cantilena*, and not to set it off with an *arpeggiato* accompaniment. This objection made, Mr. Deacon's *Studies* may be safely commended as an addition to the library for technical pianoforte practice.

Here, before we pass to less difficult works, must be noticed, "*Point d'Orgue*," &c., *Cadenza to Beethoven's Third Concerto* (the one in C minor), by Georges Pfeiffer (Paris, Brandus & Dufour). This, after its kind, is brilliant and sterling. But the latter adjective conveys a remark offered before, which we take leave to repeat. Be the best of these *cadenzas* thrown out with ever so much fire and certainty, the labour which has gone to their making is not to be concealed. They cannot pass for improvisation. This, in the days before pedantry had begun to masquerade as knowledge, was an exhibition expected from every first-class performer,—a talent which used to be, and we are persuaded could still be, cultivated. Those who could the best play from a figured bass in the old times (how many among our show pianists of these days are there who can play at all?) were, for the most part, readiest at a moment's notice with those fancies, the pertinence and surprise of which strike home to the sympathies of an audience, and show (which is not less to the purpose) the executant as distinguished from the composer. The aim of the former, in too many of the elaborate *cadenzas* in vogue, would seem to be to eclipse the latter by a display of enormous calculations, and not, as it should be, to deck his work by showing how rich it is in immediate inspiration.

Much that is real will be found in the first book of *Twelve Meditations*, by Ignace Gibsons (Lamborn, Cook, Hutchings & Co.). This gentleman has not spoken without having something to say. Every one of these half-dozen movements has a life and a colour of the author's own. No. 3, in particular, is welcome enough to make us forget and forgive the affectation of its title, "*Le Vent caresse ma Lyre*." No. 4, the *Allegro Appassionnato*, is good and impassioned; and none the less so because it is not in *nine sharps minor*. No. 5, the old fashioned Prelude, is also clever and individual. We fancy that Mr. Gibsons, if it pleased him,

might trust himself further in composition than in what, taken at its best, gets little beyond sketch-work.—*Memories of Bygone Days—Songs without Words*, by J. Albert Leaf (Lonsdale).—*A Song without Words*, by George Russell (Ollivier & Co.), may be classed together, and, with these trifles, *Trois Bagatelles*, by J. M'Kewan, Op. 1 (Jewell). The last-named gentleman has, in his Op. 2, attempted a higher flight, nothing short of an *Overture and Incidental Music to 'Ion'* (Cramer & Co.). The overture, here arranged for four hands, is according to a well-used pattern. Who does not know by heart the *agitato* movement in a minor key (common time), woefully lean and threadbare, though without a touch of vulgarity (*can* a minor theme be vulgar, if even the tune be the Irish 'Mrs. Casey's').—"*The Wild Wood*," by James Daly (Jewell), has, for its second title, "*A Brilliant Mazurka*,"—"*Moment Serein*," *Impromptu pour le Piano*, by C. F. Pohl (Ewer & Co.), is an *allegretto*, something in the manner of Herr Ferdinand Hiller.—We have before now had the pleasure of commending Mr. C. Salaman's pianoforte music as far above the average. This, his "*Twilight Thoughts*," a *Notturmo*, Op. 31, and his "*Joy*," *Impromptu*, Op. 32 (Ashdown & Parry), once more enable us to do. Both, if not remarkable for novelty, are exceedingly elegant.—"*Wiengeüet*," and "*Am Meer*," by Sigismund Blummer (Ewer & Co.), are among a thousand pieces of the kind. Herr Blummer has heard Chopin's *Notturmo*, and, as a consequence, produced a pair of trifles, not without grace and delicacy.—"*La Caprera*," *Chanson Napolitaine*, by George Forbes (Boosey & Son), is a garnished tune, said to be Southern, which is aimed, of course, at Garibaldi.—"*Pastorale*, Op. 13, by Arthur O'Leary (Ewer & Co.), is pretty, and what is more, pastoral in more than its name.—"*Danse Espagnole*, by J. Waterson (Hammond & Co.), is less Spanish in character than its author intended. There is more of the *Mazurka* than of the *Zapateado* and *Fandango* in the rhythm of his theme; but a feeling is there for vivacity and contrast; and what is known of Mr. Waterson's success in his special domain (that of military music) disposes us to believe that, with added experience, he may write for keyed (as well as for wind) instruments, that which shall be characteristic and piquant, if not hazardously deep.—"*The Exile's Return*," *Impromptu* (again!), and "*Lament of the Exile*," *Réverie*, by Louis Emanuel (Ollivier & Co.), are of small worth, unless the latter be considered as a parody on the "high sentimental style," à la John Parry.—"*Nina*," *Sérénade Espagnole* (Metzler & Co.), is by M. Gaston de Lille, who is most advantageously to be known as a maker of lively dance-tunes.

We have now to deal with a heap of transcripts, arrangements, &c.—Among the most prominent of the season which have been published since those from 'Faust' (those from 'Mireille' being as yet to come), have been the arrangements from Nicolai's 'Merry Wives.' That this best of modern German comic operas has not till now taken permanent root here has been, to a certain degree, explained elsewhere. There can be no question as to the sprightliness and soundness of the music, which ranks (at all the distance of reality from pretence) far above the slight and sickly writing of a Flotow, though that has got the superior popularity in Germany. And this can clearly be seen, we think, in the cheap arrangement for the pianoforte solo of the entire music, making No. 22 of Boosey's *Edition of Standard Operas*. Not having the full score to refer to, we cannot speak as to the excellence, or the reverse, of the transcript. As it stands, it may tempt any one to make closer acquaintance with the opera.—Here, too (same publishers), we have arrangements, "for better for worse," of the airs and choruses, by Herren Nordmann and Ganz, and that clever pianist, Madame Oury.—Twenty of the *Melodies of Schubert* have been transcribed, as "studies of expression," by M. Henri Roubier (Ashdown & Parry). M. Roubier has done his part fairly well for the use of those who cannot grapple with the difficulties of the transcripts for the pianoforte of Schubert's lovely melodies by Dr. Liszt and M. Thalberg. But we would rather hear them simply sung with their words

than elaborate the two to—M. I. not, skiff land, has "Corn rule which we bite Relic time so li to its int latter tran much over is a quai hat and description press of f National Polish a National all whom Arthur C. The H has already sperty al tina, hav organ and scale and required a key-bo useful as to the ti ever, an Lemmen not disad Room (C lishers) movements mention scribed

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than elaborately played without them, even by the two modern giants of the piano referred to.—M. Daussoigne Méhul, who, if we mistake not, skilfully exercises his profession in Scotland, has transcribed "*Charlie is my darlin', a Corn rig*," and that most graceful tune, which we met for the first time in Hogg's '*Jacobite Relics*,' "*Come o'er the stream, Charlie*" (a tune so little Scotch that we have misgivings as to its integrity).—We like best M. Méhul's two latter transcripts (Metzler & Co.). The first is too much overloaded with passage-work; and the tune is a quaint one, hardly fitted to wear "a cocked-hat and a gold-headed cane" (to borrow Scott's description of a dressed-up anecdote).—From the press of Messrs. Ewer & Co. we have *The Greek National Song, The Polish National Song, The Polish National Anthem, The Schleswig-Holstein National Song*, written out, with adornments for all whom these several nationalities concern, by Arthur O'Leary.

The Harmonium, though a growth of yesterday, has almost shot up into a fullness of life and prosperity already without precedent, and is an instrument which will live and may supersede the Concertina, having the same qualities, as replacing an organ and wind instruments, on a far more extensive scale and without the necessity of a separate study required by any one already accustomed to handle a key-board. That it is not attractive, howbeit useful as a substitution, has been from the first to the time present our opinion. Here it is, however, an established implement of music.—Mr. Lemmens, who is known as a great organist, has not disdained to give *Four Pieces for the Drawing Room* (Chappell & Co.).—M. Romano (same publishers) has adapted some of Beethoven's noble slow movements to the Harmonium.—We may lastly mention *Twelve Anthems* (Boosey & Sons), transcribed by Rudolf Nordmann.

ST. JAMES'S.—The season at this theatre terminated on Friday week. The performances were for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews; and a new comedy was produced by Mr. Arthur Sketchley, which is entitled "*How will They get out of It?*" The light and easy style of this gentleman is well fitted for comic dialogue, and the new piece depends much more on this than either plot or situation. It commences with a clandestine marriage, a widower having suddenly married a young lady without her parents' consent. They condone the transgression, but the husband meets at their residence with a supposed widow, *Mrs. Tiverton* (Mrs. Stirling), and his conduct excites the suspicion of his newly-made wife, *Mrs. Tiverton* is really the wife of one *Percy Wylding* (Mr. C. Mathews), and both of them are acquainted with him, and by the latter he is told that his former wife, supposed by him to be dead, was saved from drowning by Wylding, when on board a Mediterranean steamer. In his perplexity, *Harry Egerton* (Mr. F. Robinson) resolves to quit the house, and poor *Alice* (Mrs. C. Mathews) is agitated by fears that he is about to desert her, and to elope with Mrs. Tiverton. Egerton states the real facts to his bride, which she refuses to believe. Ultimately, it is discovered that the Wyldings are mistaken, the error arising through Egerton having once borne another name; but the confusion arising from it compels the recognition by Mrs. Tiverton of her supposed husband. Meanwhile, Wylding busies himself in promoting the union of Major Oldfield's son with his niece Jessie Ashton, which is aided by the events narrated. How this is accomplished will, we suppose, become clear to the reader, and clearer to the audience, when the theatre shall be re-opened, and the new comedy repeated. Meanwhile, we may record our judgment that the piece is certainly clever, and proved a success.

NEW ADELPHI.—A new farce, in honour of the Dramatic College, was produced on Thursday week. It is a slight occasional affair, written by Messrs. W. Brough and Halliday, and entitled '*The Actor's Retreat*.' Its effect depends on the acting of Mr. J. L. Toole, who is supposed to be disgusted with his position as a low comedian, and to aspire to tragic

renown. He falls asleep, and has a vision of a gipsy encampment, in which all the characters resemble the members of the Adelphi company, by whom he is robbed and forced into a disagreeable marriage. He commits also a theft himself, purloining a fowl from the premises of a Squire Harrowby, and disguises himself like an old woman to escape detection. Disgusted with this mode of life, he desires to return to the stage, when a female gipsy strengthens his resolution by affording him a sight of the College. This is enough, and Mr. Toole awakes, reconciled to his position. A trifle like this evades criticism, and serves its purpose if it gives opportunity for good acting to the principal performer. We need not add, that Mr. Toole made the most of his materials.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—There is comparatively little to talk about at home as regards music. Now, then, is the moment for gleaning in foreign fields: though there, also, the week only offers a few scattered ears, and the best of these belong to past rather than to present harvests. For the moment we have the following:

From Paris—The new '*Don Quichotte*,' by M. Sardou, at the Théâtre Gymnase, obviously turns out better than we had been led to expect by the very languid commendations bestowed on the piece at its outset in theatrical life. The story has been dramatized upwards of forty times for the Parisian stage alone, yet not a solitary piece on the subject survives.—M. Émile Augier is about to read a new five-act comedy in prose at the Théâtre Français.—An extravaganza in the *Revue* style, having for seasonable title '*La Liberté des Théâtres*,' has been brought out at the Variétés.—A Correspondent of the *Grand Journal* conceives himself to have discovered a new *Rose Chéri* in a Mdlle. Dupont, who made lately, he says, a marvellous first appearance at the Théâtre des Jeunes Artistes.

The new *Cantata* for this year's Imperial fêtes has been commanded from M. Duprato.—Another musical illustration of the Imperial Festival will sound strange and sinister in English, if not in French ears. This is the inauguration of a new chime of bells in the tower of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, from which, as all the world remembers, a bell once upon a time gave signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

M. Carvalho seems bent on working out the Verdi-vein opened by the success of his version of '*Rigoletto*.' The theatrical journals announce that he has an intention of giving '*Macbeth*' at the Théâtre Lyrique this winter, with M. Ismael as the *Thane of Fife*. The *Lady*, we apprehend, will not be so easily found.

Chance having within the last few days thrown a good many small French provincial papers before us, we can speak with confidence of the spread of popular music which is taking place throughout the country. With our neighbours, as with ourselves, it takes most largely the form of Part-singing. Their choral meetings, including idyllic contests for prizes, and dependent on local support, are too numerous to be told over in detail. It is to be noted that most of these provincial festivals in France have the assistance of "harmony," or wind music, in which also our neighbours show increase of proficiency. How far the measures passed for protecting and ameliorating military music, described in M. Perrin's interesting pamphlet, have brought about this result we are in no case to state, but the Parisian journals mention that a large number of the aspirants for regular musical occupation who are now present in Paris come from the "ranks." Where, by the way, is M. Soustelle, the tenor with an amazing voice, a prize scholar, too, at the Conservatoire, who changed his profession under the conditions just mentioned?

M. Pougin, in his interesting notice of Devienne, recently referred to, examines a question, often raised as to the leading phrase of a song, "*Enfant chéri des dames*," in '*Les Visitandines*,' which has been cited to the disadvantage of the French composer, as an unblushing case of plagiarism from '*Colomba tortorella*,' in Mozart's '*Il Flauto*.' The coincidence, be it noted, consists merely in the first four bars, which are of so simple,

not to say obvious a nature, that we can conceive it no wonder if they have occurred to two composers,—even as the theme of Mayer's '*Donne l'amore*,' was reproduced note for note in that last tenor solo in '*I Puritani*,' which Rubini used to sing with such thrilling effect. Another argument for Devienne's absolution from the crime of deliberate theft is this: '*Il Flauto*' was produced at Vienna, in September, 1791, '*Les Visitandines*,' at Paris, in July, 1792. M. Pougin justifiably points out that in those days music did not travel from country to country at its present telegraphic speed, and that the chances of a French composer (a nationally self-absorbed artist), having made acquaintance with the Austrian melody, are so feeble as almost to merit the supposition being thrown out of court. The offence, if offence it be, is nothing as compared with the curious identity of a melody in M. David's '*Lalla Rookh*,' with the peculiar and somewhat tormented theme of the *finale* to Mendelssohn's Second Pianoforte Trio. Of the strange resemblance of M. Gounod's curtain music to the third act of '*Mireille*,' to another composition by Mendelssohn, his *presto scherzando*, we spoke in due course. Our readers cannot have forgotten the trial of Lindblad v. Linley, the latter musician having stumbled (he assured us, on his honour, totally unconsciously), not on a phrase merely, but on the identical notes of an entire Swedish song, full of wild progressions and quaint intervals, though, to complete the curiosity of the case, the Englishman's tune was in common, not, like its Swedish double, triple time. A monograph is to be written on musical coincidences, plagiarisms and piracies, in a spirit differing from that in which so curious and delicate a subject has till now been treated.

Most painful reports concerning M. Gounod's health have been in active circulation of late, and great publicity has been given to them on the Continent. We are enabled to state, on excellent authority, that they are entirely unfounded. So far from his being interrupted in his course of mental labour, he is now, we understand, actively engaged on a commission for Florence,—this being none other than a serious composition for the Dante Celebration. The Tuscans have, in this matter, shown sound sense, at the sacrifice of national vanity,—M. Gounod being far fitter for the task than the only other attainable European composer of note to whom it could have been offered, Signor Verdi, whose incompetence in music of this order was signally brought to light in the work attempted by him for our Great Exhibition of 1862.

Naples journals announce the death of Signor Marchionni, the patriarch of comic writers. A namesake of his, possibly a relative by blood or marriage, *La Marchionni*, was, in her day, famed throughout Italy for her powers as a tragic actress. The only other Italian news of interest for the moment is that the indefatigable Signor Mercadante has been composing new music for some ceremonial, of what nature we do not clearly understand.

Herr Lickl, a voluminous German composer of some small repute, died, the other day, at Prague.

An Austrian Princess, we are informed by a letter in the *Gazette Musicale*, "has presented to the Mozart Institution, at Salzburg, an old music-book found in the environs of Vienna" (the place not stated), with French inscription, "This book belongs to Marie Ann Mozart." The first pages contain exercises for the Piano, by Leopold Mozart (the composer's father), the later ones, five unknown compositions by the great man himself, written in 1762 and 1763, and dated Brussels and Paris. One of these is a complicated study. We should be glad to hear Dr. Köchel's judgment on the authenticity of the latter pieces. Even those the best aware of Mozart's wondrous fecundity can hardly fail to be made sceptical, by the amount of discovered new manuscript announced of late.

We may be able to report on the Karlsruhe Festival in detail, as a meeting so peculiar in its professions deserves. The labours of the critic will, however, be lightened by one half, since the two chamber concerts which formed part of the original scheme are not to be given.

'*Jessy Les*' is to be repeated at the Crystal Palace to-day.

MISCELLANEA

Beer against Gin.—Mr. C. Buxton, of stout reputation, also a champion of temperance principles, wrote an article some time ago in one of the Quarterlies, which some persons denounced as displaying towards beer a tolerance he nowhere exhibited to gin. According to the article, from double stout, bitter beer and mild ale taken in moderation good may follow, but nothing save evil comes from the mouth of a spirit-bottle. Mr. Buxton is a brewer, and though he would fain put an end to drunkenness amongst the poor, he abstains from recommending measures that would greatly depress the trade to which he is deeply indebted. "According to Mr. Brande's tables," he observes, "the proportion of alcohol in gin is as much as fifty per cent., while in London porter it is not much more than four per cent. The porter-drinker, therefore, must drink six and a quarter pints of porter to obtain, gradually, the effect which the gin-drinker obtains at once from half-a-pint (eight ounces) of gin." As the less objectionable beverage, and also as a drink of which he has private reasons for thinking well, the author gives cautious evidence in favour of malt liquor. On other points also he is a man of moderate views. Unlike most enemies of the bottle, he does not fail to see that acts of parliament can do but little to remedy the evils under consideration. He is aware that drunkenness will be discontinued by the lower orders just in proportion as those orders are made participants in the intellectual and moral influences which have gradually driven intemperance from the superior ranks of society and made "drunkard" a name of shame and odium amongst gentlemen. He asks, therefore, for no sweeping measures, but prefers an entreaty for certain slight and almost infinitesimal doses of legislative restriction, which would, he thinks, strengthen the hands of the schoolmaster and social reformer in their war with the gin-palace. But though his requirements are not intolerant, it must be admitted that in some instances they are grotesquely unreasonable. One of his proposals is so truly ridiculous that it merits especial notice. "With the same view of securing, as far as possible, that the trade in fermented liquors should be in respectable hands, and of increasing the motives to good order amongst those engaged in it, we would also urge a second recommendation, which, like the first, had the support of various witnesses before the Committee. At present, no one can obtain a beer-licence unless he produces a certificate of character signed by six rate-payers. This is found to be of no use at all. Anybody will sign anything if they are asked. Our proposal is, that such a certificate, signed at least by four rate-payers, should still be necessary; but that if the holder were ever deprived of his licence upon a fourth conviction, these four persons should each be compelled to pay a fine to the Excise in consideration of their having given him a false character." A more startling suggestion for legislative enactment we never heard. A gives testimony that to the best of his knowledge B is a respectable man; having obtained a beer licence on the strength of this recommendation, B sets up in business, and lapsing from his former condition of social merit breaks the law, whereupon A is fined because, at a time when B was a respectable character, he testified to his moral fitness to preside at the bar of a public-house. In justice to Mr. Buxton it should be stated that he speaks of his paper as "hasty and crude," and containing "suggestions so impracticable that he regrets having written it." The article thus stigmatized is now republished in self-defence by the author, who writes, "I find, however, that a pamphlet has been published, entitled 'Opinions of Charles Buxton, Esq., M.P., Brewer, on the Use and Sale of Strong Drink,' in which the passages I most condemn are published without the context." Mr. Buxton is entitled to the full benefit of this explanation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. C. B.—E. R.—L. S. B.—Dr. A.—T. H. T.—J. D. C.—received.

Errata.—P. 216, col. 3, line 29 from bottom, insert the word *not* between "would infer"; p. 217, col. 2, line 15 from top, omit the words "sixty-four," and in line 17, after "No. 734," insert 1894.

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*REPORT of the Directors for the Year ending 30th June, 1864, read at the Annual General Meeting,
12th August, 1864.*

SIR JAMES BULLER EAST, Bart. D.C.L., in the Chair.

The duty once more devolves upon the Directors of making a Report to the Proprietors on the transactions of the past year, and, as usual, they commence it by a reference to the particulars exhibited in the Surplus Fund Account. These particulars are as follow:—

INCOME OF THE YEAR ENDING 30TH JUNE, 1864.					CHARGE OF THE YEAR.					
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Balance of Account, 30th June, 1863	23,683	14	1	528,268	12	11	Dividend to Proprietors	199,394	2	0
Premiums on New Assurances	23,683	14	1				Claims on decrease of Lives Assured	15,993	9	8
Ditto Old ditto	288,296	1	4				Additions to those under Participating Policies	12,958	13	1
	311,979	15	5				Policies surrendered	8,089	12	2
Interest from Investments	81,146	13	10				Reassurances, New	38,413	5	7
							Ditto, Old			
	393,126	9	3					274,779	2	6
Profit on the Sale of Securities	17,515	16	8				Commission	9,518	19	3
							Medical Fees	718	7	2
Total Income				410,642	5	11	Income-tax	2,567	4	5
				£938,910	18	10	Expenses of Management	12,926	18	6

Examined and approved,

THOMAS ALLEN,
HENRY ROSE,

Auditors.

Here it will be seen that the total income of the year is 410,642*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.*, and the total charge 310,834*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* The difference—99,807*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.*—increases the Surplus Fund to 628,076*l.* 12*s.* The difference last year, it may be remembered, was 50,875*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.*

The income of the year is greater than that of the preceding one by nearly 22,000*l.* The increase is mainly attributable to the profit derived from the sale of premises in the City, and elsewhere.

With exception of the payments on account of reinsurance, and those to the Proprietors, all the items of charge are less than those of the previous year. Thus, the sum paid for claims is less by 27,000*l.*, and that for surrender of policies by 5,300*l.* A considerable reduction, too, is observable in the expenses of management, arising from a diminution in the number of the Board, and from other circumstances. The Balance Sheet is as follows:—

BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.			
	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Interest due to Proprietors	5,432	14	9	Amount invested in fixed Mortgages	903,790	1	6
Claims on decrease of Lives Assured and additions thereto unpaid	45,319	15	10	Ditto ditto decreasing Mortgages	132,067	3	8
Cash Bonus due to Policyholders	574	2	8	Ditto ditto Reversions	357,390	5	1
Sundry Accounts	1,015	10	10	Ditto ditto Funded Securities	402,148	18	4
Value (1862) of Sums Assured	4,781,195	7	0	Ditto ditto Temporary Securities	31,354	4	8
Proprietors' Fund	£190,187	10	0	Current Interest on the above Investments	28,065	1	3
Surplus Fund, as above	628,076	12	0	Cash and Bills	12,691	13	11
				Advanced on Security of the Company's Policies, &c.	120,524	16	0
				Agents' Balances	32,177	2	3
				Sundry Accounts	28,957	8	1
				Value (1862) of Assurance Premiums	3,568,151	7	8
				Value (1862) of Reassurances	34,263	10	8
					£5,651,801	13	1

Examined and approved,

THOMAS ALLEN,
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Auditors.

The Assets here specified remain nearly as they were in the last Report, except that the amount invested in Reversions is increased, and that in fixed mortgages is diminished. The balance of the Surplus Fund is, of course, increased (as it should be) from 528,268*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.* to 628,076*l.* 12*s.*

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